

MARCH, 1923

# THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Frienzed Bigotry Again! - Rev. Felix Ward, C.P.

Miss Watts - - - - Ernest Oldmeadow

"Penny-Wise" - - - - Rev. R. A. McGowan

Penitent: Apostle: Founder Gabriel Francis Powers

With The Passionists in China

With  
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SIGN-ERS

The Appeal of  
Jesus  
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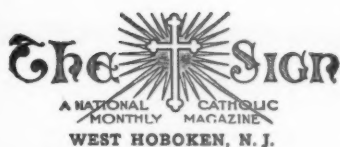
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## CONTENTS

March, 1923

### Current Fact and Comment.... 309

The Easter Duty—Making  
the Fast Worth While—  
Causes of Divorce—On St.  
Patrick's Day—The Heal-  
ing of the Nations—Sincere  
or Sore?—In a Nutshell—  
The Immigrant Problem—  
Sidelight on the Ruhr.

### Frenzied Bigotry Again!..... 313

Felix Ward, C.P.

### Miss Watts..... 316

Ernest Oldmeadow

### The Labor Problem..... 323

No. XIII—Penny-Wise

Rev. R. A. McGowan

### Penitent—Apostle—Founder .. 325

Gabriel Francis Powers

### Bred in the Bone..... 332

P. D. Murphy

### Very Rev. Fr. Fidelis, Passionist 336

The Awakening

### "Thy Will Be Done"..... 339

Sister Mary Benvenuta, O.P.

### The Appeal of Jesus Crucified.. 340

### With the Junior Readers..... 342

### The What-Not ..... 344

### With the Passionists in China... 346

### Index to Worthwhile Reading.. 352

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## For Your Own Soul

To the Readers of THE SIGN.

My Dear Friends:

In establishing THE SIGN, the Passionist Fathers had a very clean-cut object. The object was to use the printed word, as they have always used the spoken word, to promote devotion to Jesus Christ Crucified.

The successive issues of THE SIGN prove that we have never lost sight of this purpose. In practically every form of literary composition we have treated of the Sacred Passion.

As the official organ of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion THE SIGN has carried from the beginning a department under the name of the society.

The articles appearing in this department have been especially prepared. They have received high praise, which of course, we appreciate.

But some of our readers, we feared, passed over these articles, regarding them as solely intended for members of the Archconfraternity.

To remove any misunderstanding we have given the department a wider and more inviting title -- The Appeal of Jesus Crucified.

We can honestly say that we have spared neither time nor effort to make THE SIGN worthy of the continued patronage of our readers, and to serve them monthly with a mental menu that is varied and attractive.

Tastes differ, and everything on the menu is not equally palatable to all. You will find abundant nourishment in the Passion portion. For your own spiritual health partake of it regularly.

We take this occasion to ask you to join the Archconfraternity. It will certainly help you in the struggles and temptations of every-day life.

This is a strictly spiritual society. It is in no way associated with dues or contributions. Its sole purpose is to bring its members into closer relationship with Christ Crucified.

It was originated by St. Paul of the Cross, the Founder of the Passionists, and has been most generously enriched with extraordinary indulgences by different Popes.

Conditions of membership are: Having one's name inscribed on the register of the Archconfraternity, and being invested with the Black Scapular of the Passion. Application for membership may be made through THE SIGN.

Just drop us a line, saying that you wish to join the Archconfraternity. Speak about it to your friends. They may be glad to give their names also. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to THE SIGN to join the Archconfraternity.

Incidentally, try to do something special for Christ Crucified, for your neighbor and yourself during the remaining days of Lent. Don't forget the Lenten services in your parish church.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

*Father Harold Purcell, C.P.*

# The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. II.

MARCH, 1923

No. 8

## Current Fact and Comment

### The Easter Duty

**A** NNUAL worship is like an annual bath; it is all right as far as it goes." Procrastinators will be aroused at this season by the announcement of the Easter duty. They will recall that excommunication is the penalty for failing to receive Holy Communion within the present designated season. It is an extreme penalty, but one calculated by the Church to save a man from the consequences of indifference. We appeal to the experience of those who allow a whole year to pass by without unburdening their consciences and renewing their good purposes in Confession and without fortifying their souls in Holy Communion. Consider, moreover, the condescension and the prodigality of love displayed by God in the Eucharist and you will admit that God must sanction and ratify the severest penalties against those who deliberately spurn it all. Rather should we be amazed that the Church has yielded so much to human nature in modifying this precept. Weigh the fact underlying the grim humor of the similitude we have quoted. The best that can be said in favor of an annual bath is that it is better than a biennial one.

### Making the Fast Worth While

**W** HILE you faithfully comply with the laws of fasting and abstinence, be sure to do so with the best motives. God does not take delight in standing by and watching His creatures suffer the pangs of hunger or any sort of pain. Suffering in itself does not atone for sin. Think how much suffering there is in the world with no refer-

ence to God at all. But divine Justice has appointed suffering as the expiation for sin and it is our acceptance of suffering and our every act of self-denial performed with that intention that gives pleasure to God. Try to grasp the meaning of our Lord's words to His Father when He offered Himself a Victim for all mankind: "Behold a body Thou hast fitted to Me!" His was a human body with senses and nerves and altogether designed to suffer keenly. Moreover, recollect how often He intimated that we would share in the expiation only if we would share in His suffering. This is what we should have in mind even in such a lowly act as the mortification of the appetite for eating and drinking. Such an act acquires expiatory value when out of a perfect heart we unite it with our Lord's own sufferings and expiation.

\* \* \* \* \*

We consider the mere refraining from food as a lowly act of virtue. But its value or usefulness is not so much in the curbing of the appetite as in the curbing of the will. Every time you curb the will in its choice between what is pleasant and what is unpleasant, you have so far subdued it, disciplined it and disposed it the more promptly and easily to make a right choice the next time. Whether it be the craving for food, for luxury, for honor, for revenge, each act of self-denial is a part of the process by which the will is habituated to its proper choice.

"Refrain to-day,

And that shall lend a kind of easiness  
To the next abstinence: the next more easy still:  
For, use can almost change the stamp of nature  
And either curb the devil or cast him out  
With wondrous potency."

## Causes of Divorce

**N**OW far the divorce evil has progressed in the United States may be inferred from the peculiar boast made in behalf of the city of Cleveland. It now leads American cities in the decrease of divorce cases. They have reduced divorce cases there until they are now only one out of three among the civil cases presented to the Court of Common Pleas! The improvement is attributed to a Bureau of Domestic Relations created two years ago. At that time there were two divorce applications among every three civil cases. Bradley Hull, expert matrimonial readjuster and head of the Bureau, interviewed by a writer in the *Dearborn Independent*, enumerates the underlying causes of divorce such as irritability, selfishness, wastefulness of men, excessive thrift or lack of household training on the part of women, etc. Mr. Hull's success, with his appeal to merely natural motives, is an answer to those who magnify minor shortcomings into incompatibilities and intolerable conditions. He takes a rather serious view of the mother-in-law, especially when the wife is a "mamma girl" and sides with her mother against her husband or when a mother, hale, hearty and comparatively young, blames the wife for trying to come between her and her son. We present his observation on childless marriages:

"Absence of children is a serious and frequent cause of quarrels which result in separation or divorce. Without children the romance of married life is liable to wither, leaving the couple with nothing in common. About all they can do is to nurse their own personal feelings and find fault with each other. . . . Runaway wives are nearly always childless."

## On St. Patrick's Day

**T**HERE will be the customary parades, dinners and speeches on St. Patrick's Day. But the true well-wishers of Ireland on that day will feel the need of fervent prayer for the speedy coming of peace to that distracted country. The longer the Government is hampered in its normal functioning the harder will be its task in repairing the morale undermined by years of acute strife. According to reports, intemperance is rife and with so many long engaged in carrying on bitter feuds, demoralization has resulted in the spiritual life of the people. All this is regrettable in that most distinctly Catholic country at a time when cynics claim that Christianity has failed, and when the Almighty wishes to

prove that there can be no peace among the nations until they seek it through Him. Let fervent prayers arise to the Apostle of Ireland and to that blessed throng for whom we call the land the Isle of Saints.

## The Healing of the Nations

**S**PEAKING at the Canadian Society dinner, the British Ambassador declared that he would put aside the customary reserve of one in his office and tell plainly what he knew of the present plight of civilization. Surely he should know whereof he speaks, albeit his ominous theme may have been designed to compel agreement with his peculiar conclusion. He drew a very dark picture, using the familiar comparison with the collapse of the Roman Empire and alleging similar internal causes of disintegration. In the last few years there had been a gradual stripping away of all things worth while from the fabric of civilization. Things have gone too far for us to sit by and say that all will be well. We should rather fear that in a short while all will crumble. The fundamental essence of civilization is spiritual light and the soul of the people. To-day in some parts of the world that spiritual light is very dim. The nations regard each other with suspicion and with angry eyes. His Excellency had a remedy to suggest. No great diplomatic instrument was required. He firmly believed that the English-speaking peoples were called to a great mission. Not for individual or material gain did he urge their closest cooperation, but that health might be brought back to those who feel that real life is ebbing away. Europe in sombre guise, broken and shattered by economic disaster, looks for her restoration in our cooperation as a necessary preliminary.

It is a gloomy picture with dark prospects which the ambassador pathetically draws from his superior sources of information. We do not know what is his conception of "spiritual light." But there is hope for civilization when those to whom the rehabilitation of society is entrusted, weary of other vain measures, seek supernatural sanction for their plans and proposals. The very desperation pervading the "darkest hour" may compel them to inquire whether there is any other way to approach a solution and to stabilize their agreements than the proposal of the Father of Christendom to restore all things in Christ.



## THE † SIGN

### Sincere or Sore?

THE prominent New York minister recently tainted of heresy has conducted himself after the usual manner of a malcontent. Having forsaken the Baptist for the Episcopalian ministry, he eventually found himself in charge of a church left stranded in the commercial section of the metropolis. We may suspect his motive in surrendering that pulpit to the exposition of other than religious topics and in converting the edifice into a forum. Answering his critics he boldly contemned the Christian rite by which churches are dedicated solely to sacred purposes. Subsequently his proposed marriage to a divorcee was announced and promptly forbidden by the Church authorities. This was shortly followed by his denunciation of all religious authority and denial of the fundamentals of Christianity.

There is nothing original in the claims nor in the deportment of this latest in the line of the apostates. It is all painfully familiar, to wit: the definite discovery by untrammelled reason of the real truth and the gratuitous announcement of it to a benighted world, also the air of commiseration for those still blinded by prejudice and fettered by tradition. This particular renegade makes the specific claim that those with a university education all agree with him. It is passing strange that, having gone through Harvard himself and having, presumably after careful examination and with mature judgment, adopted the fuller form of Christianity represented by Episcopalianism, he should make these radical discoveries so promptly after being thwarted and rebuked in serious disciplinary matters.

The cheerful poet assures us that "Truth, though crushed to earth, will rise again." But this crushing process conducted by malcontents at bay and abetted by raw editors is a mischievous thing when truth does not get an equal chance to assert itself. For the benefit of those who are impressed by this minister's claiming the approval of the universities we quote one of Harvard's most distinguished graduates, Edward Everett Hale:

"We know that all the theses which the first class in Harvard defended in 1642 are false, their astronomy was all wrong, their logic was all wrong, and their theology was all wrong."

And we add the comment of a contemporary:

"While we are priding ourselves upon the intellectual

successes with which this century opens, it will be wholesome to reflect that the men of light and learning in 1642 were as sure that they had the right view of things as we are to-day of our own science."

### In a Nutshell

YOU should be familiar with the arguments against the Sterling-Towner Bill for the creation of a Federal Department of Education. For your convenience we condense the following from the majority report of the United States Chamber of Commerce committee:

1. Undesirable centralization of authority
2. Not calculated to improve the present system
3. The poorest States are able to take care of their own educational systems, if they want to.
4. The "log-rolling" features of the proposed system.

The agitation for this bill represents the growing tendency to centralize all government activities at Washington and to take away from the people the practice of the control of their own affairs. No activity of the Government is of more vital concern than education.

There is hallucination in the saving clause pretending that the Federal Government will not control money doled out to the States. The recipient of a bounty usually complies with the views and wishes of the arbitrary dispenser of that bounty. The bill itself sets up standards to which the States must conform. A Secretary has power to withhold appropriations for non-compliance.

It is true that the wealth of our States varies, but no State has claimed that it cannot provide a good common-school education for all of its children. The framers of the bill have been guided by political rather than educational needs. It is a log-rolling bill. More than \$40,000,000 of the \$100,000,000 would be apportioned to the following eight States: New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Massachusetts, Michigan, Iowa and Texas.

With a seat in the Cabinet, the head of the Department of Education will be selected on the basis of party politics, and if a politician is selected for the head of this Department, what kind of national leadership will result?



## The Immigrant Problem

LILY BATES began her duties in a humble way by cleaning boots, chopping wood, scouring the kitchen floor, answering the bell, taking up meals to three different sorts of people, turning out dark, cobwebby cupboards in the basement, doing the fireplaces, polishing the grates, peeling potatoes, and running errands. But so efficient did she prove herself in all these offices that at the end of the year she was promoted. In other words, the housemaid left, and all the duties of the household devolved upon her, with the exception of the cooking and a little light dusting which Mrs. Postling herself found time to do. Lily was very proud of her promotion, especially when Mrs. Postling said that she should now have fourteen pounds a year instead of twelve.—Stacy Aumonier in the *Century*.

In view of conditions brought about by the restrictive immigration law, most housewives will agree that Lily is a *rara avis*. Housekeeping duties are but a single class among the many for which our people show a growing disinclination while the Government bars those who would gladly do them for them. While the majority of folks aspire to be scholars, lawyers, bankers or of some even more leisurely occupation, there is an alarming depletion among those who can saw wood, lay bricks, dig cellars, repair pipes, clean drains, etc.

Impartial people are at a loss on what side to range themselves in regard to the Immigration Law. It gains approval inasmuch as it is designed to exclude the criminal, anarchistic and parasitical classes. Removing competition, it is calculated to benefit the native laborer and artisan. A noted economist also seemed to dispose of the melting-pot theory by claiming that nothing better can come from the melting-pot than what you put into it. Moreover, it is quite possible that the lull in immigration gives the Church an opportunity better to adjust school and parochial conditions for her foreign-born children.

Yet it would seem difficult for a real American, conversant with the development of his country and its democratic theories, to root unreservedly for this measure. He is rather fearful that it makes a mockery of Miss Liberty standing with uplifted torch at the nation's gateway. General sentiment would probably favor a compromise basing admission on a strict appraisal of the immigrant applying.

Interested parties discovered that instead of an increase of three per cent in the latest fiscal year, eleven thousand brawny and industrious Italians

were withdrawn from our labor forces, for, while 42,000, the quota, were admitted, 53,000 returned to their native country. An expert chef will not agree that nothing better will come from the melting-pot than what you put into it. His is a wizardry of combinations. Exclude the bitter ingredients of communism and atheism; add those redolent of the genius of centuries and tempered with reverence for the traditions of the Church and you may expect the product of the melting-pot to be enhanced.

## Side-light on The Ruhr

WHATEVER may be our personal opinions of the justice or injustice of the French occupation of the Ruhr, our hearts must go out in sympathy to a people who have no means of defending themselves or of bettering their condition. The poor, of course, always have to bear the brunt of war, whether it be a war of butchery or of economics.

The Very Rev. Victor Koch, C.P., superior of the Passionist Fathers in Germany, has sent us an extract from a letter written by the Very Rev. Dr. M. Buchberger, Vicar-General of the diocese of Munich:

"The demands of the so-called Peace of Versailles weigh inexpressibly heavy on the German people. Millions of defenseless children, women, sick and aged are in the direst need. Hundreds of thousands have not even a piece of bread to satisfy their hunger, not even the poorest kind of linen or wool to clothe themselves, no wood or coal, no living accommodations. In many instances whole families are living in single rooms. Their poverty is so great that the dead cannot be decently buried. They are placed in 'loan-coffins' and later wrapped in paper, and thus buried. If the poverty is so wretched here in Bavaria, what must be the conditions in the occupied district!"

After assuring us that Dr. Buchberger is a very conservative man who writes with the utmost caution, Father Victor continues:

"A few days ago the Minister of Social Welfare in Bavaria told me that half of the school children must go to school shirtless. The pastor of a big city parish asked me for a few dollars as he was collecting money to buy cloth that mothers might have something better than paper to wrap around their infants!"

# Frenzied Bigotry Again!

FELIX WARD, C.P.

**F**ADISM is aping patriotism in the country to-day. We have been called a nation of fadists. A fad is now to be made the test of patriotism. If you do not accept it you are un-American; you are an alien. But a fad cannot stand alone; it will be laughed at and forced to hide itself away and disappear. But having racial or religious prejudice as its aid, the fad has some chance to survive. The dying embers of bigotry are fanned into flame; the flame burst forth in fury; its toll in frenzy is destruction. The violence of the mob takes the place of law. The splendid manhood of America degenerates into a moral idiocy that disgraces the country. The people get ashamed of it and flout it when bigotry has spent its fury. But if by any chance the fad can be amended into the Constitution and then made a test of loyalty to the country, it wins the day. It may do irreparable harm; it may undermine the Constitution, but "what is the Constitution between friends?"

Bigotry was a menace to the country in the past. It was bigotry that led Lincoln to say: "Our progress in degeneracy appears to me to be pretty rapid." This stinging rebuke was called forth by the Know-Nothing Movement. Few recall it now, yet it had almost controlled the country. Had it not been suppressed it would have ruined America. But the fine sense of the American people responded to the leading of Lincoln, and the Know-Nothing Movement was suddenly stopped. But who will lead our people to-day? Cowardly men are succumbing to the bigot and the fanatic though the country and the principles on which it rests are menaced and again "our progress in degeneracy is pretty rapid."

Bigotry has been a menace from the beginning of our history. It nearly cost us our freedom. When the struggle for independence hung in the balance, Franklin and Bishop Carroll were sent by Congress to Canada to induce its people to join the Revolutionary struggle. Their mission failed because of the Yankees' abuse of Catholics and their religion. The aid of Canada was lost through insane bigotry. The freedom given to Catholics in Canada was more than the bigots could stand. They denounced the English for it and there was no limit to the mad invective

heaped on Catholics. The Canadians naturally resented this and they refused to cast their lot with a people who had branded them as "idolators" and their religion as "popish mummery." "No King: No Pope!" was the cry of the bigot in New England, and some of the "patriots" actually went to the war of the Revolution for the preservation of the Protestant Religion!

But while bigotry soon died out among sterling patriots, it grew in bitterness amongst the "Loyalists." These Tories hated to see the Colonies free and independent and well rid of proscription for the practise of religion as conscience dictated. Washington deplored their attitude and denounced them as pests of society. He told them to go over to the British lines if they were not satisfied with their own country. Native Americans fought in the British ranks against their own country. They were traitors and the Patriots used to tell them "to go to hell or to Halifax."

**B**ENEDICT ARNOLD tried to cover his infamy by uniting with these traitors and affecting alarm at the danger to the Protestant religion. "Your mean and profligate Congress at Mass," he said, "participating in the rites of a church against whose anti-Christian corruption your ancestors would bear witness with their blood!"

The traitor referred to the Requiem Mass offered in St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, for the soul of Juan de Morales, a Spanish gentleman representing his country, who died in the camp of Washington at Morristown, N. J.

Ever since Benedict Arnold's treachery, traitors hide their infamy under the plea of Americanism, the 100 per cent brand. They may be undermining the principles upon which our government rests; they may be attacking the Constitution; still they claim that their brand of patriotism is the only genuine kind.

In the Declaration of Independence Americans laid down the principle that "All men are created equal." The Know-Nothing Party came and said: "All men are not created equal." Lincoln denounced them in no uncertain terms: "When they get con-

## THE † SIGN

trol," he said, "then it will read 'All men are created equal except Negroes and foreigners and Catholics.' When it comes to this I shall prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty, to Russia, for instance, where despotism can be taken pure and simple without the base alloy of hypocrisy."

**W**E have a recrudescence of the Know-Nothing Party in the knights of the "Invisible Empire" under the gracious reign of the "Imperial Wizard"—nothing less! A mandate has gone forth from "His Majesty" that there must be war on Negroes, Jews, Catholics and foreign born citizens for they are not born equal to the "Gentile, white Protestant." The solidarity and supremacy of the latter must be maintained in America. This is the object of the "K. K. K." Kleagles have gone forth in the darkness of the (k)night to save America from the Negro, the Jew, the Catholic and the foreigner! The eagle has fled and the kleagle is now the emblem not of liberty but of tar and feathers, of brandings and burnings, of floggings and murders! The "Wizard" waves his wand, and lo! the "Furies" and "Klanton" and "Titans" and "Goblins," as if by magic, are at their dastardly work—and the country is safe!

As a caricature of America nothing is finer. Sane Americans are vexed. Europe is laughing at us. But when "Klanfools" essay to make "the most dauntless organization known to man" world wide, Europe is convulsed. We become "Klanfools"? the English ask. "Have Americans begun to think that men as well as women have no souls?"

"In America, where the Star Spangled Banner floats proudly over the homes of the brave and the land of the free, shrouded mysteries are galloping about adding a new abomination to existence. The backwoodsman finds relief in delicious secrecy and in supporting law by outrage! In populations enslaved and struggling for freedom under the tyranny of tears this used to exist; but among the 'brave' and the 'free' we should expect open-hearted and open-handed dealing. But there is something primitive in the temperament of the backwoodsman; something pioneer, you know. He is nearer the Simian from whom 'scientists' say, he came. No ancestry or heraldry about them!" Fadists and fanatics disgrace us. They would ruin the country in the name of Americanism. But it was ever thus.

The native American Movement in the "thir-

ties" and "forties"; the Know-Nothing Movement in the "fifties" the Ku Klux Klan to-day; all are the children of religious and racial prejudice. Mobs were wrought to frenzy and became brutal and un-American. One influence they all feared more than any other, one on which they wanted their frenzy: that was the Catholic Church. It was here that they sensed danger. They knew that she stands for order, for decency, for law and authority. They knew that she stands for the country and the Constitution. Her language has ever been that expressed by the late Cardinal Gibbons: "The men who would endeavor to undermine the laws and the institutions of this country deserve the fate of those who laid profane hands on the 'Ark'." Any tampering with the Constitution his Eminence regarded as a menace. "Let no profane hand touch it," he said. "It will secure the permanence of our institutions."

He could not agree with those who sought to reform the country by amending the Constitution. In this he was like Lincoln: "Let it stand as it is"; said the grand old President, "new hands have never touched it. The men who made it have passed away. Who shall improve on what they did?" The Cardinal and Judge Brewster of the Supreme Court were discussing the influences at work for disrupting the country when his Eminence remarked: "I have faith in the good sense of the American people to defeat them." The Judge added: "Your Eminence, the Constitution and the Catholic Church will save the country. They are the two great forces that stand for authority and order."

**N**O sane American today questions the loyalty of Catholics. The world war again dispelled bigotry and prejudice like a mist of the morning. When the country called, our Bishops answered nobly and our people were with them. Approximately 40 per cent in the Army and Navy were Catholics. The heroism of our boys and the support of our people were the wonder of Europe and the joy of true Americans. For Catholic lads it was a simple duty enjoined by the Church. "*Pro Deo et Patria*"—for God and country. Our boys died like heroes because it was simple duty. But the bigot was only maddened. The citizenry formed by the Church was too much for him. Plottings were started, associations were formed, dead calumnies were revived, all to check "Romanism." The country

## THE T SIGN

was in danger! The Pope would rule fair Columbia! "The Gentile White American Protestant" must be saved! The Negro, the Jew, the Catholic and the foreigner were a menace! The hooded knight must save the country! Benedict Arnold again covering his treason by an appeal to bigotry! Must we again assert our loyalty to our country and our claims to the rights given us by the Constitution?

**N**O man was more conscious of the services rendered the country than Washington, none more appreciative. Replying to an address from Roman Catholics, he said: "I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their Revolution and the establishment of their Government; or in the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed." Franklin was sent by Congress to intercede with the French King, Louis XVI. in behalf of the Colonies. He was not successful and had begun to despair. It was at this juncture that he received a letter from Washington saying that if France did not send over an army the Cause must fail, for his troops were in the saddest plight; had no rations, their clothes were in tatters, their feet bare, cut and bleeding from the cold, and no means of raising the money for their meagre salaries. It was a sad story and the case was desperate. Franklin made one more effort to secure the aid and services of France. He asked for an audience with the King and met the Papal Nuncio as His Excellency left the royal presence. The Nuncio said: "Mr. Franklin, I have good news for you. I have just gotten a promise from the King to send an army and fleet to aid your countrymen." Franklin was amazed, and taking his hand, he said: "Convey to His Holiness, the Pope, my thanks in the name of the American people. We shall never forget it for Rome. The Catholic and the Protestant shall have equal rights in America." In reply the Nuncio said: "Mr. Franklin, you must thank Father Carroll of Baltimore for it. He induced the Pope to send me here in the interests of the American people. His letters in favor of your Cause were laid by me before the

French King and Cabinet and success has crowned my efforts."

Years ago Congress took steps to collect material bearing on the history of the United States and some unwritten history was collected. From documents handed in by John Pope Hodnett we learn that Pope Pius VI. used his influence to induce the French King to aid America. The writer recalls the fact as given in a Washington paper about the year 1881. It stated that documents bearing on the fact of the Pope's intervention were in possession of the State Department. Historians do not deny the fact of the Pope's intervention, but some claimed that there was not sufficient concurrent historical evidence to show that it was at the instance of Bishop Carroll that the Pope used his influence in our behalf. But this argument is negative. Washington himself said: "Of all men whose influence was more potent in securing the success of the Revolution, Bishop Carroll was *the* man." It is hardly fair to reduce the Bishop's efforts for the success of the Revolution to the visit to Canada which failed.

**W**HEN the rampant A. P. A. Movement would deprive Catholics of the liberty given them by the Constitution, Bishop Michaud of Burlington, Vt., wrote to Mr. Griffin of Philadelphia that he had heard from a French priest that the clergy of France had made a gift of millions to Louis XVI. to aid in the war for freedom of the American Colonies. Mr. Griffin looked the matter up. In the National Library of Paris in the minutes of the Quinquennial Assembly of the French Clergy, the fact is recorded that the Bishops and Priests voted thirty million Livres to meet the expenses of the army and fleet sent to aid the American Cause. Without this timely aid the French government could not continue the war to a successful issue.

Yet there are bigots who would deprive Catholics of the rights guaranteed them by the Constitution! The Ku Kluxers, the Guardians of Liberty! Benedict Arnold over again! The Klan is an insult to American manhood and to the American Constitution. Eternal Vigilance is the price of liberty!

How much more easily is God propitiated than men, and on how much easier terms He forgives than the best of us do. Silent, sweet, complete and

unexacting is His pardon: unwilling, hard, full of exactions and bristling with conditions is man's!—*Card. Wiseman.*



# Miss Watts

ERNEST OLDMEADOW

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## CHAPTER I.

### I.

**A**LTHOUGH it is nearly eighteen years since I first came to Sillport, Lady Hilda Barrowmore-Bannington has never crossed my threshold. The great lady was known to me by sight at the very outset. The natives took care of that. Newcomers to Sillport have spent months in the town without hearing of the fifteenth century brasses in the parish church or of the Armada goblet in the Guildhall: but nobody, since the twentieth century began, has passed three consecutive days among us without being shown Lady Hilda Barrowmore-Bannington.

Well do I remember the flush of hope which warmed me when I caught sight of her ladyship through the window of my little consulting-room, on the morrow of my settling down in this house. She looked exactly the same that morning as she looks to-day—tall, handsome, silver-haired, imperious, distinguished. With the aid of her long-handled tortoiseshell lorgnette—the first of its kind ever seen in Sillport—she scrutinized my new brass plate, which shone so rudely in the July sunshine that I wonder it did not hurt her eyes. For one splendid minute, I believed that Lady Hilda was to be my first patient and that my career was as good as made; but she merely read the words "Mr. Martin Dacey, Surgeon," folded her lorgnette, and stepped off with the sudden, brisk gait which she has never lost. Some people get into their stride

gradually, like a steamer moving out of a dock, but Lady Hilda starts away at full speed and thus saves an hour or two every year, to be spent in good works.

Although we have met scores of times at committee-meetings, at the bedsides of the sick, in the drawing-rooms of mutual friends and in the stuffy

kitchens of the poor, I have never entered her ladyship's house nor has she entered mine. So I am a little fluttered by this note, informing me that an interview is desired at noon.

### II.

Lady Hilda has just gone.

Her ladyship entered the library at four miles an hour, halted sharply on the hearthrug, and let loose her business like a cork from a bottle of champagne. She said:

"Doctor, I shouldn't be troubling you like this if it were not that it is impossible to explain by letter. You are a bachelor, with nobody to share this nice house except a cat and a housekeeper. So I've come with a proposal . . . not marriage!"

The last two words flew at me on the bright wings of Lady Hilda's very own laugh—the short, clear little laugh which ends almost as suddenly as it begins. I hate short and sudden laughter as a rule; because it is nearly always harsh or rude or mocking or joyless. But Lady Hilda's laugh is radiant. Sometimes it is like summer lightning; sometimes like a rocket at the moment when it bursts into

*With this issue we begin a new serial story written especially for THE SIGN by the distinguished author, Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow. Ernest Oldmeadow is descended from an ancient Spanish family, the Olmedos of Castile, but his forbears have lived for so many generations in England that he regards himself as wholly English.*

*Two of Oldmeadow's novels, "Susan" and "Antonio," are well known in America, having run through many editions. His books have been translated into French, Norwegian, Portuguese and German.*

*This author is recognized as a scholar and as an exceptionally fastidious literary craftsman; but when writing in the first person (as in "Miss Watts") he favors a style which is easy and colloquial without becoming indolent and diffuse.*

*It has been stated that Ernest Oldmeadow is a priest. He is a layman; a councillor of the City of Westminster; a keen student of modern French literature and drama; and an admitted authority on church music.*

THE EDITORS.



## THE † SIGN

many-colored stars; sometimes like a high wave suddenly letting itself fall to pieces among the glittering pebbles of the beach on a rough but brilliant day. How often have I known that laugh of hers do more good than my medicines!

Trying to be gallant, I answered: "That would be too great an honor."

"It would. Most certainly," agreed Lady Hilda, emphatically yet not rudely. "But let us get on. To-day is Tuesday. I want you to give a home to a young girl called Dollie Watts. She is about sixteen. Healthy. Naturally refined. Not at all clever. Good-tempered, but needs understanding. She can help your housekeeper a good deal, but she is not to be here exactly as a servant. I should like you to take her to-morrow, Wednesday: but, in any case, I want her settled before the week-end."

I LAUGHED. What else was there to do? My way of laughing, however, must be less pleasant than summer lightning and rockets and bursting waves, because it nettled Lady Hilda. She said sharply:

"This is perfectly serious. Extraordinary, I admit; but serious all the same. It is for the sake of the girl that I have come, of course: but I cannot help saying that it will be quite as much for your benefit as for Dollie's. You have a private income and you have almost retired from practice. You have a house, but not a home. You have quite a fatherly air, but no children to bask in it. Mrs. Horsley, your housekeeper, thinks she is happy with you; but she isn't. Mrs. Horsley is a motherly soul going to waste."

Realizing as I did that the amazing lady was in utter earnest and that my whole kingdom was threatened with revolution, I clutched desperately at Mrs. Horsley's name and succeeded in saying:

"It's impossible. Mrs. Horsley wouldn't hear of such a thing for a moment."

"You haven't asked me to sit down," said Lady Hilda, very pleasantly. "With your permission . . . no, please don't jump about, I hate cushions. This oak stool is quite comfortable. Please sit down yourself, Doctor, and I'll finish."

By accident or by design, I don't know which, she got me into a strong light near the window, while she herself settled near the fire place and added:

"I'm not going to tell you a long story about this poor girl, because there's very little story to tell. Or

rather, there's probably a long story if we knew it: but we don't, and probably we never shall."

When Lady Hilda paused, I said miserably: "You told me she was named Dollie Watts."

"No, I didn't," she retorted promptly. "Not 'named,' I said 'called.' There's a difference, sometimes. Her real surname we don't know: and when I think of how she came to be called Watts it makes me very angry. It seems that, when she was first taken to the Prince Albert Home for Orphan Girls, she was notified simply as Dollie. The secretary asked 'Dollie what'? and it had to be explained that nobody knew. The chaplain was in the room, and he suggested that 'Dollie Watt' would be a good name, and that people might some day look on her as descended from James Watt, who invented the steam-engine. The secretary wanted to be funny, and said to the chaplain: 'No. Let's call Dollie What's-her-name Dollie Watts, and some day people may look on her as descended from Dr. Watts, who wrote 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite' and 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star.' So the poor child was dubbed Dollie Watts."

"In other words—" I began. But I reddened, according to my foolish habit, and Lady Hilda both read my thought and prevented me from uttering it.

"No, no," she protested hastily. "The poor child isn't *that*, I feel sure. Although nothing can be learned of her family, she remembers living with an old couple in a few rooms of a big house—a house with gardens which had run quite wild. You'll get the story out of her, Doctor, by degrees, when she's used to us. Or she'll tell Mrs. Horsley. You may even find some clue, but I hope you won't. Let sleeping dogs lie. Give her a new start, instead of encouraging her to make a romantic mystery of her parentage. It looks as if her people weren't much good or she would not have been left derelict. There! That's quite enough about the past. We're living in the present and we are face to face with the future. I repeat that Dollie is not to be a kitchen-wench. On the other hand, please let her earn her living. She can shop for Mrs. Horsley, and sew and clean the silver. Work her up into an enthusiastic gardener. Your kitchen-garden is disgraceful and I assure you, Doctor, that there are other flowers in the world besides marigolds and nasturtiums. Don't pay her any wages; but make her a little allowance and we'll talk about dress and such things later on."

## THE † SIGN

**B**Y this time I had recovered my self-possession and had made up my mind to have nothing whatever to do with such a monstrous project. But Lady Hilda is not the person to take a point-blank refusal, so I temporized and asked:

"Where is the girl now, and why can't she stay there?"

"She is at St. Gabriel's Orphanage, Broadcombe," said Lady Hilda. "She can't stay there because she's sixteen, and if I hadn't thought of putting her with you, she would have to go into domestic service. By the way, Dollie has been in three orphanages altogether—three in eight years. She has always been well-behaved and obedient and clean and industrious; yet she's never been . . . shall I say popular? The truth is that some children take to the life of institutions like fish to water. When they don't make a heroine, almost a goddess, of some commonplace teacher or sister, they get wrapped up in a companion and they are as happy as a rich man's daughter in the most exclusive of schools—perhaps happier. Although the dinner is coarse and roughly served, it is a daily banquet to poor creatures whose little stomachs have often ached with hunger. But Dollie isn't that sort of child. I have not seen her often, but it's plain that these 'Homes' which are homes indeed to thousands, are not homes to Dollie. Her life in them has been a long penance. When she is with you, she'll blossom out and be quite a different creature."

I crossed the room towards Lady Hilda and looked her straight in the face. For some moments I expected her to quail and to let it be seen that she was trying to bluff me into accepting an arrangement of which she fully understood the outrageous unreasonableness. When she returned my gaze steadily I blurted out:

"Come, Lady Hilda, excuse me, but you might as well ask me to take in new-born twins. Once for all, it is impossible, unthinkable."

I was standing at arm's length away from her as she sat stiffly, with face upturned, on the uncomfortable stool. And at that moment I became conscious of the immeasurable difference between this woman and the ordinary "social worker" of her sex. In my time I have met too many so-called philanthropic ladies whose philanthropy is a mere hobby, like other women's tennis or golf or bridge. Some of them make charity uglier than vanity. It almost

looks as if they take up "social work," not out of loving kindness for the poor and sorrowing, but from a mere itch to pry into other people's business, to meddle and to domineer. But Lady Hilda met my eyes with a look that startled me. It was nearly the same as the look a young mother gave me, long years ago, when I entered her sick child's room carrying my leather case of cold steel—a look which said "Man, if you have one grain of pity, make haste and save my child."

"I would take Dollie Watts into my own house," began Lady Hilda, speaking coldly, "but it cannot be. There is a reason, and I rely on you to treat it in confidence. All my servants—there are six with the gardeners—have what some people call 'pasts.' Sometimes it is necessary to make them feel the iron hand in the velvet glove. At present, all goes well. But Dollie is a different sort. If I took her in, she would need special treatment, she would seem to be favored, and the fat would be in the fire. I make this explanation, Mr. Dacey, lest you should think that I am asking others to do what I wouldn't do myself. You refuse, and there's the end of it. Thanks for listening to me so long."

**S**HE rose. Her eyes were on a level with my own, and I saw, beyond possibility of mistake, that although her lips had uttered scornful and final words her heart still hoped that I would suddenly relent. And her heart was right. Hardly knowing what I was saying, I answered:

"No. I do not refuse. I will try."

Some women would have indulged in five minutes of alternative triumph and incredulity—"you do truly mean it?" and "you're quite sure you know what you're doing?" and so on. But Lady Hilda's decisiveness and swiftness spared me all that. Her blue-grey eyes flashed relief and gratitude, her radiant laugh rang forth a chime, and for half a second my hand was gripped in hers. Then she walked to the window, as if to claim all the sunshine, and began rattling out thanksgivings on my own good luck.

"Dollie Watts will be your salvation," she said. "She'll get you out of a rut. If I were you, I should begin a special diary this very day—'The Life and Times of Dollie Watts.' I know how fond you are of scribbling . . . how you write to the papers about everything and nothing. Isn't it a fact, Doctor, that some of you learned men keep guinea-pigs, poor little things, and that you give them medicine or

## THE † SIGN

whisky or coffee and then write down all about it in a book every day?"

I agreed that men of science do indeed record the symptoms of guinea-pigs.

"Well," Lady Hilda continued, "if it's worth while studying a guinea-pig after you've dosed him—how I hate the thought of it!—with brandy-and-soda, I'm sure you'll find it still more worth while to study Dollie Watts after you've administered a little sympathy and kindness. Thank Heaven it's settled. I'll bring her on Thursday, at a quarter to twelve."

I came back to my senses with a jump, and gasped out:

"Mrs. Horsley!"

Lady Hilda quietly opened the lower casement to release a fly which had been trying to beat its brains out against the glass. After a pause, she turned to me and said: "You're right. If I leave you to explain matters to Mrs. Horsley you'll spoil everything. Mrs. Horsley might like to see my little model laundry. If you can spare her this afternoon, let her come up to the Tower, for tea. I'll invite her this very minute, as I go out. Good-bye till Thursday."

### III.

I am alone; which is my daily experience. Moreover, I am lonely; which is something new.

No wonder that all Sillport calls Lady Hilda Barrowmore-Bannington a wonderful woman. This morning she stayed here less than half-an-hour; yet the room seems delicately alive with little echoes of her, everywhere. Not in a sentimental sense. No, indeed! In romances, I've read over and over again practically the same description of a room—no, a chamber—where a lady's presence lingers, but it's always something about the scent she used, or a fallen petal from the rose she wore, or one stray golden hair upon a cushion, or a tiny lace kerchief left behind, or a song still lying on the piano or a choicely bound volume still open at a favorite poem. Not much of that sort of thing about Lady Hilda! She doesn't even powder. None the less my room seems like a cage just after a song-bird has been taken away.

This proves that she was right and that we do need, Mrs. Horsley and I, some brighter voice, some younger creature, to put a new edge on our blunted habits. We have been sinking into grooves without knowing it.

Not that I expect this appalling Dollie Watts project to work. It can't. But after we've settled Dollie Watts somewhere else in Sillport I'll take care not to slip back into the groove again. The house shall be re-papered and painted. We'll have practically a new garden. And perhaps I shall get a convalescent French officer to spend the summer here, in the sea air. I will mend his health and he shall mend my French.

Mrs. Horsley departed for the Tower half an hour ago, with pomp and circumstance. The carriage came for her at four o'clock. Lady Hilda doesn't buy a car, although it would just suit her ways. And she won't give up the carriage because it would be the death of her old coachman Mac. Not that I've ever seen her in the carriage. Perhaps it's because she walks faster than Mac drives.

Lady Hilda is masterful enough to demand whether I have begun to chronicle the approaching short and sharp episode of Dollie Watts. The answer will be Yes: but if she wants to read what I have written so far, the answer will be No.

### IV.

I AM fairly in for it.

Dollie Watts comes on Thursday.

Mrs. Horsley had the afternoon of her life at the Tower. Lady Hilda's only sister was there, Lady Vera. Also Lady Vera's husband, Sir Leonard Truefox, and Lady Vera's bosom friend, the Honorable Charlotte Merrings. I wish the Honorable Charlotte had not been of the party: because Mrs. Horsley, who speaks fairly good English as a rule, will persist in aspirating the word "honorable" and in pronouncing "Charlotte" with the same initial sound as "charmer" or "charcoal." When the little Watts brat arrives, Mrs. Horsley really must be more careful.

For half an hour I have to act an uncandid part. Lady Hilda did not tell Mrs. Horsley that she had already discussed the Watts nuisance with me; so when Mrs. Horsley broached the subject just now I was forced to comport myself as if a bombshell was bursting. The long and short of it is that Mrs. Horsley was completely won over by Lady Hilda. She now firmly believes that it is she, Mrs. Horsley, who has managed me, beaten me, out-argued me, shamed me, wheedled me, into letting Dollie come. It looks as if I played my part well: because, in the end, Mrs. Horsley got genuinely angry and said that



## THE † SIGN

if I would not consent to her having this young companion-help she must give me a month's notice and leave me to find a new housekeeper.

I am not going to worry. Now that Lady Hilda and Mrs. Horsley are in accord, the girl Watts can be left in their hands.

### V.

THIS day, Thursday, May 15th, 1919, at twelve minutes before twelve noon, Mrs. Horsley came into the library announcing:

"Her ladyship. And Miss Watts."

It made me jump to know that I was to have charge of a Miss, instead of a mere Dollie. I looked at my new ward and found myself confronted by an undeniable Miss who met my inspection with defiance. But, a moment later, she ceased to be a Miss and was transformed into a nervous and supplicating Dollie, a child, a mere child at bay.

Lady Hilda wished me good-morning and said briskly: "This is Dollie Watts. She's like you and me, Doctor. That is to say, she has ever so much to learn and to unlearn. I'm sure you'll get on well together. Now, perhaps everybody will excuse me. I must be at the Cottage Hospital by twelve. Good-bye."

While I was conducting her ladyship to the garden gate she explained rapidly that Mrs. Horsley had received with docility a hint to the effect that Dollie was not an ordinary orphanage child—in other words, that she was "Miss Watts."

"For example," Lady Hilda added, "Mrs. Horsley is not going to be jealous or vexed at your having Dollie to read to you aloud."

I said that I hated anybody reading aloud to me.

"So do I," answered Lady Hilda cheerfully. "But it will be the best and quickest way of putting Dolly at her ease with you. Besides, it will get her out of speaking in what I call that 'institution' way. You know what I mean."

"But I've no children's books or schoolgirl stories," I objected.

Lady Hilda exclaimed: "Thank goodness you haven't. Make her read out of the newspaper. Now, don't argue. I shall be late."

### VI.

Miss Watts and I have just been round the garden. Our gardener, Tim Farland, is away buying seeds to-day, so no explanations to him were neces-

sary. Miss Watts knows how to stake peas and how to transplant lettuces. She likes weeding. Certainly I never thought I should live to behold anybody, man or woman, who likes weeding.

Miss Watts would be a pretty girl if she could get rid of a constrained and self-conscious manner which is really quite painful. Primness suits some girls—for instance, Miss Dodd, the governess at Sir Arthur Culham's. Miss Dodd has almond-shaped black eyes, regular black eyebrows, black hair parted in the middle which seems to remain neat and straight even in a storm, and a precise way of dressing, walking and speaking. The result is that Miss Dodd is a sort of Quaker beauty, whose charm would vanish if a tress of hair strayed loose or if she laughed heartily enough to show a dimple. But this poor Dollie has a face—nay, she has a whole body—which seems made for gleeful romping. Her brown eyes and round chin would be most attractive in a roguish, high-spirited girl; but they clash horribly with her lack-lustre expression and her stiff movements.

I don't want to be unkind, but if Mrs. Horsley and I can't liven the girl up, I shan't be able to stand having her about me.

### VII.

MRS. HORSLEY always declares that Friday is somehow our lucky day in this house; and certainly things have gone fairly well as regards poor Dollie. Although I never expected her sojourn to last more than twenty-four hours, she has already been with us for thirty-one.

Yesterday I was dragged away to a consultation, and did not return home until nearly midnight, so I was not called upon to bother about Miss Watts. This morning, however, she has been working in the garden with Tim Farland and Mrs. Horsley and, judging by some sounds which floated in through my window, the poor girl is more natural already. Perhaps the pretty blue overall which Lady Hilda has bought for her is helping to raise her spirits.

After lunch, I boldly faced the ordeal of having her in to read aloud. Frankly, I am aghast at what seems to be the life in charitable institutions. I admit, of course, that we could hardly expect the managers of such places to supply young girls indiscriminately with daily newspapers and to give them the free run of divorce cases and murder trials. But when I remember that these same little creatures,

## THE † SIGN

before many years are over, will have votes, I do feel that the elder girls, who are on the eve of being sent out into the world, ought to know the A. B. C. of current affairs.

DOLLIE knows there was a four-years' war with Germany, and this was the reason St. Gabriel's Orphanage gave its inmates very little sugar, very little margarine, and meat only once a week. She knows that there was an exciting day, six months ago, called Armistice Day, when every girl was allowed two extra lumps of sugar and a slice of pale yellow cake. She knows that the United Kingdom is a monarchy and that there are no kings or emperors in the United States. She knows that divers mysterious personages frequent two sacrosanct chambers known as the House of Lords and the House of Commons and that these personages have the inscrutable prerogative of interfering with ordinary people. These things Dollie vaguely knows and not one item more, so far as national affairs are concerned.

Two minutes of the child's newspaper reading were all I could stand. Instead of using her natural voice, which is easy and musical, she adopted a most horrid sing-song, on a painfully high pitch. It has never occurred to me until this afternoon that we ought not to make fun of the Chinese for maintaining a "literary" language quite different from their ordinary speech. Miss Watts treated the printed pages like some hieratic text. I believe she would be astounded to learn that ordinary men, who wear ordinary clothes and eat ordinary food, sat down at ordinary desks last night and wrote the articles which are in to-day's newspapers.

Miss Watts gave the word "diplomacy" a long i and a short o: but she pronounced "reparations," "indemnity" and "disclaimer" correctly. When I asked her, however, what these four terms might mean, the poor child turned pale with fear. If I had said that an indemnity was a species of crocodile and that a disclaimer was a new kind of cough-lozenge she would have believed me.

The reading-lessons are put off until Monday. But this afternoon was not wasted. Something happened—a little thing—which has disarmed the antagonism I had certainly been feeling against "Miss Watts" for being in the world at all and against Lady Hilda for thrusting the girl into my house.

At the very moment when I was so thought-

lessly humiliating Miss Watts with unreasonable questions about indemnities, our black cat, Rory, jumped into the room through the open window. He walked up to my miserable and despairing victim as she sat bolt upright, softly brushed her ankles with the whole length of his lustrous body, and then leapt into her lap.

Miss Watts gave me a terrified look and promptly put Rory down again on the hearth-rug.

"So you don't like animals?" I asked impatiently. At that moment I was within a hair's-breadth of disliking Dollie Watts warmly enough to send her back at once to Lady Hilda.

"Oh, yes, I do, I do," she answered fervently, as if repelling the vilest of accusations. "but . . ."

Although she did not get further than "But . . ." her eyes finished the sentence for me. What the poor thing meant was that she was a dependent, an intruder, an inferior, a pauper: and that it would have been a presumption and a liberty to encourage the high-bred Rory in mistaking her for a lady of the house.

THE telephone on my writing-table rang sharply. Whilst awaiting the call, I had to sit with my back to Miss Watts: but the old French mirror on the wall showed me what was going on.

Rory is a cat who would have put Bruce's spider to shame. You can turn him off your knee twenty times and he will jump on again. Hardly was my back turned when he leapt a second time into the girl's lap. Like a long-famished traveler seizing on an unexpected loaf of bread, she enclosed Rory in two eager arms and literally took him to her breast.

Lady Hilda's voice rank briskly in my ear. Her ladyship demanded if I was "looking properly after Dollie Watts." I was not asked what I thought of the girl, or whether there was any chance of my keeping her, but simply whether I was doing my duty.

I replied, loud enough for Dollie to hear: "She is with me in the room now. We shall not read the newspaper together till next week. At this moment she is making friends with the cat."

Rory is not as good as some dogs and horses and parrots at understanding human language, but he knows that the word "cat" means himself. In the mirror, I saw him tear his little glossy body free from Dollie's arms. Then he made an upward dash, like a besieger on a scaling-ladder, and landed on



## THE † SIGN

her shoulder, where he twisted himself round and sat upright gazing across the room and listening to my voice.

Lady Hilda rejoined: "That's splendid. You and Mrs. Horsley are rather old for her. Till we can find her some young companion, the cat will do very well. Now I'll finish my business. If Mrs. Horsley finds it convenient, I should like to take Dollie out on Monday afternoon. It seems the poor child has never set eyes on the sea in all her life, so I want to take her to Sillmouth. Unless you send word to the contrary, I shall call for Dollie on Monday at two o'clock. Good-bye."

Not one word to the effect that I was the most generous of men, or that Lady Hilda sincerely hoped I was not finding this orphanage-child a nuisance. It was decidedly cool. Somewhat irritated, I might have sent Miss Watts back to Mrs. Horsley rather curtly if it had not been for Rory. Except his two bright yellow eyes, every square inch of Rory was raven black. On the girl's blue shoulder, against her light brown hair and pale cheek, he reminded me of a sign one sometimes sees over shops in France, *Au Bon Diable*, "The Good Devil." In spite of his impish blackness, he sat up aloft, like Diddin's cherub, and looked after poor Dollie's fate.

**R**ORY has had bad luck in being adopted by elderly people, such as Mrs. Horsley and myself. At the age of forty-four, I find it hard to keep on rolling champagne-corks and walnuts and marbles along the floor for Rory to run after, or to dangle a rabbit's tail for him at the end of a string. A bright idea came to me.

"It's a shame for you to be indoors this beautiful afternoon," I said. "If you like, you can take Rory into the garden and play with him. He's getting too fat."

(To be continued)

Candid persons must recognize that there is abundant justification for the popular mistrust of certain types of experts. Sad experience has demonstrated again and again that a man may know a great deal about some specialty and still show a lamentable lack of good judgment. Narrowness of outlook and intense specialization make "learned fools."—*Prof. Conklin.*

They went.

Through the window, all unsuspected by "Miss Watts," I have watched the sport. First, Rory rolled and sprawled on the warm grass while Dollie stroked his flanks and gently tickled him under his chin. Then he bounded with one spring into the strawberry-bed, where he crouched as flat as a flounder with only the tips of his black ears showing. This was the beginning of a long game of hide and seek. To finish, Rory performed his grand trick. He swarmed the apple-tree, skipping as lightly as a squirrel from bough to bough until he perched swaying on the topmost twigs. After a few minutes, he made a pretence of trying to descend and of having lost his nerve. In my room I was too far off to hear but my eyes are very keen and I could see his little red mouth opening and shutting and I knew he was uttering meows and cries enough to melt the hardest heart.

Poor Dollie hovered round the tree-trunk in terrible suspense. I am sure she expected Rory to tumble to earth any moment and to crack his little skull. At last she caught sight of quite a heavy ladder which Tim Farland had left lying in the long grass. She dragged it to the apple-tree, managed to prop it against the trunk, and was beginning to climb, when Rory skipped down as easily as he had skipped up, and bolted back into the house like a flash of lightning.

Dollie Watts tugged the ladder back to its place, flicked the dust from her new overall and came slowly towards the kitchen door. Her look was the look of a prisoner recaptured by the gaolers after a glorious hour of liberty.

It is for me and for Mrs. Horsley and for Rory to banish that look. Perhaps I ought to say for Rory and for Mrs. Horsley and for me: because mine is sure to be the smallest share in this strange business

There is no drama in the world like the Mass. It has inspired the greatest teachers, artists, musicians, poets and craftsmen. Around us, on all sides, are myriads of eyes absorbed with a craving for looking on. Is it not up to us to give them something worth looking at and to teach them about this worship by watching?—*Church Times (Anglican).*

# The Labor Problem

REV. R. A. MCGOWAN

## XIII. Penny-Wise

**W**E are penny wise and pound foolish and, of course, we do not know it. We do not know it because in this particular case the pennies are dramatic and the pounds are in disguise. The pennies we see and feel; the pounds, like Peter Schlemihl in the old German story, do not cast a shadow.

This is all by way of introduction to certain facts brought out in a preliminary report of the U. S. Coal Commission. The Commission says that we have too many coal mines. We have so many mines that in the best year in the history of coal mining in the United States we only used three-fourths of the capacity of our soft coal mines. It is as if one mine out of every four were idle in the best year we ever had. On the average for the last thirty years we only used two-thirds of the capacity of the soft coal mines. In other words, it is as if one out of every three mines were closed down for the last thirty years. In 1921 demand was so low that more than half of the mines could have shut down.

We didn't know this, or if we knew it we didn't think of it. We thought of strikes and miners refusing to work and car shortage and everything under the sun. We didn't think that what was wrong with us was that we are rich and extravagant and thoughtless.

Over a year ago a committee of engineers was appointed by the Federated American Engineering Societies to make a report on waste in industry. The committee was composed of nationally known engineers and they went to work on half a dozen important industries to find out how wasteful they were, and who was responsible. To use a trite expression, it was a labor of love, for nothing pleases a scientific mind more than to show how much needed is knowledge and forethought. They picked for study the men's clothing industry, building industry, printing, boot and shoe manufacturing, the metal trades, and textile manufacturing. Neither coal mining nor railroading—two glaringly wasteful industries—was included. Here were six ordinary American industries. Three dealt with things to wear, one with housing, one with the metal trades, and one with

printing. They are important enough and yet not so basic as coal and transportation.

The results of the study were amazing. The engineers attributed waste to four elements:

1. "Low production caused by faulty management of materials, plant, equipment and men.
2. Interrupted production, caused by idle men, idle materials, idle plants, idle equipment.
3. Restricted production intentionally caused by owners, management or labor.
4. Lost production caused by ill health, physical defects and industrial accidents."

**T**HE committee did not set up a high standard of efficiency. It did not try to estimate all wastes. Within the limits of this moderate standard it found there was much waste in each of the industries. And reasonably enough, when we stop to think of it, they found that in every case those who had most responsibility for the industry were responsible for most of the waste.

In the clothing industry, 75% of the waste was due to management and only 16% to labor.

In the building industry, 65% was due to management and only 21% to labor.

In the printing industry, 63% was due to management and 28% to labor.

In boot and shoe manufacturing, 73% was due to management and 11% to labor.

In the metal trades, 81% was due to management and 9% to labor.

In textile manufacturing, 50% was due to management and 10% to labor.

In all six industries from half to four-fifths of the waste was due to management, and from one-tenth to one-fourth to labor. The rest of the responsibility was placed upon the public, trade relationships, etc.

These figures and the situation in the coal industry have a connection. Though the story they tell is not so dramatic or filled with lurid tales, the story has the same theme. For the waste in these industries is a sign of our wealth, extravagance and thought-

## THE † SIGN

lessness. It is the story of the prodigal son—before he became repentant.

The demand is not great enough to use all of the equipment in these six industries, as wasteful as they are. We are so rich that we can throw away our time and refuse to use our equipment, and go about our work in a slipshod, planless, thoughtless way.

SEVERAL years ago a certain railroad section hand made his \$1.45 for every day he worked. And when pay day came and he had cashed his month's check of \$37.70, he would repair himself to Budweiser's XXXX Emporium and treat the house, not once, but many times. "Come up, boys," he would say, "and have a drink on Jim Cook." And the boys would come up. The bartender was his brother and one day when Jim was calling the boys up a third time, he protested and told him how he worked for his money all the month laying ties and rails and driving spikes and tamping ballast, and that he should have a care how he spent his money on a scad of boozin' loafers. But Jim couldn't see it that way and in the expansiveness of pay day told his brother where he might get off. "Come easy, go easy," he said as he paid for another round.

We are a nation of Jim Cooks. Our wealth hasn't come easy, but we think it has. What we know is that we have it, and we let it go easy.

But where the disgrace of it all comes in, is that rich as we are as a nation, at least half of the men at work for wages in the United States are not getting enough from their work to support themselves and their families in decent comfort. There are over a million working men out of work in even the best of times. As many more are working on part time. Periodically four, five, and six millions are out of work. Millions do not get enough food to eat, or clothes to wear, or housing to shelter them in ordinary comfort. Millions do not have the chance to develop their minds and wills and spiritual life. We are rich beyond the dreams of avarice and we have millions who are in poverty.

A Socialist will say that what is wrong is that we are letting private individuals and corporations own and control the means of wealth, and that they can make more money out of not using the mines, railroads, and manufacturing equipment to their full capacity than they could if they started everything running full blast. Agree with him that private

individuals and corporations can now make more money by occasionally throwing a wooden shoe into industry and slowing it up. Still, that does not prove that private ownership is responsible. It only proves that the way we are letting the private owners use their property is wrong. It does not prove that private ownership is wrong; it proves that we have a wrong idea of the rights of private owners.

SOMETIMES in opposing Socialism Catholics accept the current, pagan idea of the rights of ownership and the institution of private ownership. Socialists oppose private ownership; we oppose Socialism; we favor private ownership; private ownership is such and so, as we know it therefore, we favor private ownership just as it is now handled, or nearly so. So the argument runs.

The argument is false. We do not defend private ownership as it is now administered. The sort of private ownership we advocate has rarely been heard or seen on sea or land within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The Protestant Reformation started the present malpractice. The Deism of the eighteenth century with its belief that everything will work out for the best if we let nature's law alone, helped it along. Darwinism and its glorification of the struggle for survival added its influence. And now in the twentieth century we find Catholics, in their opposition to Socialism, sometimes defending a theory and practice of private ownership which finds its origin in the last four centuries of rebellion against the Church, against Christ, and even against the very existence of God Himself.

The coal commission's report is a proof; if further proof were needed, that we have to reform private ownership. The engineers' report on waste in industry is a proof that we have to reform private ownership in industry. But these are printed documents. If we look around ourselves we can see human documents on every side which prove that we have to reform private ownership. The rich prove it; the salaried workers prove it; farmers prove it; the wage workers prove it.

We will have to have drastic reform. And the key to the reform is the underlying principles of private ownership which were believed in and to a great extent practiced in the Middle Ages. Private ownership must be made to step into line with the dignity which Christ conferred upon mankind and the brotherhood which he enjoined upon us.

# Penitent, Apostle and Founder

The Life Story of Saint Paul of the Cross

Gabriel Francis Powers

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## CHAPTER II.

### CASTELLAZZO

GEOGRAPHICALLY, the town is in Piedmont, but it seems to have an affinity with the ancient duchy of Montferrat, which lies beside it, and the writers of the eighteenth century designate the region, perhaps with a certain looseness of expression, as Lombardy. A town that rests upon an absolutely flat level, where the soil is richly productive, and almost the entire population, for that reason, given to horticulture. Yet the name came to it from its ancient castle, a memory still extant of the days of chivalry. . . . Castellazzo seems to have laid itself down generously while in process of building, with no intention of being cramped. The streets are amply taken, the squares numerous and spacious, and the unpaved roads in the less central portion run frequently between walls and market gardens attached to the two-story houses.

The Daneo family returned about 1709 from Ovada, where Paul was born, to Castellazzo, which was their place of origin and where men of their name had been cultivators of the soil, an integral part of the population, their geneology written in registers and archives, century after century, from father to son, for immemorial years.

Two houses are pointed out as having belonged to Luca Daneo at this time; the one in the town street, set far back, upon the open space in front of it, and upon which a marble slab recalls that here S. Paul of the Cross lived from 1709 to 1720; the

other, called the *orto*, somewhat out of the town, upon a country road to which it presents its back, and the face of it is toward the *orto* or market garden, still cultivated as such, flat as a table and separated from the highway only by a ditch. On the rough wall near the entrance, a life-size figure of S. Paul of the Cross was painted long ago, and is still visible but damaged and faded. This house of the *orto* passed long since into stranger hands, but the

house of the street, the house of the attics, down to forty years ago was still occupied by descendants of the saint's family, bearing the same name. The present owners, when they entered into possession, took over the property directly from the Daneos.



CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN. THE DANE0 FAMILY TOMB IS HERE

The son of the ancient race who came back to dwell in the house of his fathers about the fifteenth year of his age, seems to have rejoiced in the greater space and freedom simply because it enabled him to devote himself with more complete self-surrender and intensity, to the life of prayer and austere penance to which he had given himself more and more. He sought hidden places and secrecy, and here he found them. As you enter the door, the old-fashioned smoke-stained kitchen is on your right, a large living-room to the left; but immediately in front of you is the staircase leading to the upper floor, and, beside it, the narrow passage leading to the enclosed garden, an extensive plot laid out in vegetable beds, and with grape-vines along the wall. The steep



## THE † SIGN

encased stairway, directly opposite the entrance, leads up to the bedrooms, and a still narrower flight, whitewashed but of heavy antique wood that must have known well the tread of those boyish feet of long ago, ascends above it to the attics. There are two of these; a small one to the right, at the head of the stairs, rather square in shape, of heavy timbers in the roof and underfoot, and a vast one of considerable length to the left; in this are some stout boxes of wood, falling apart for age, and a torn leather trunk, covered with dust, which may well have been there a century or more ago.

It is with the small attic that the memory of Paul and John Baptist Daneo is associated by tradition. The saint's bedroom, in which he scarcely ever slept, is said to be on that side of the house, namely to the right of the stairs as you ascend them; but it is well known now for several witnesses attested to it in the processes, that it was usual for Paul and his brother to steal up to the attic at night in their bare feet and to sleep

upon the board-floor with a few bricks for their pillow. At midnight they rose to pray, even in the bitterest winter weather, and the winters are severe in upper Italy, and, before lying down again, they scourged their innocent bodies ruthlessly that the sacrifice of their prayer and suffering might be acceptable to God. The doors of the attics, and of some other parts of the house, are quite certainly the same that were handled by the young penitents, for they are of massive wood, swinging heavily upon their ancient hinges, and along the edges the wood is worm-eaten and crumbling away for age. We could not identify with certainty the "chapel under the stairs," to which the saint is said to have

had a particular devotion, but there is a deep receptacle, where coats are hung and bicycles kept now, precisely under the stairs, between the front door and the garden door, and it may be that in this cubicle the pious Daneos of two hundred years ago had set up some devout image and made a tiny oratory.

CASSELLAZZO in whose atmosphere Paul passed from adolescence to youth, and presently from youth to early manhood, is full of precious memories of those important years of his life. But as he developed, he did so continuously along the same lines which were evidently the plan

of God for him. Prayer was his chief occupation; and in order to have plenty of time for that, and for the household duties of which as the eldest son he had many on his hands, he would rise long before the day. Every morning he heard Mass and received Holy Communion, but now in one church now in another to attract less attention; sometimes in his parish church,

which was S. Maria; sometimes in the poor, devout church of the Capuchins; and again in the ancient, historic church of S. Martino, served by the Augustinian Fathers, and where the Daneos had inherited from their father's mother the patronage of the chief chapel and the burial vault of the Trotti family. Here his favorite place was in the shadow of one of the columns, where he thought he was unnoticed, and he would kneel by the hour motionless upon the bare floor, his hands crossed upon his breast, his head bowed, his soul wholly rapt and absorbed in God.

It was here that the Countess Canefri, a noble lady who came to her country estate in the summer



VIEW OF THE CASA DELL' ORTO FROM THE ROAD.  
OLD FRESCO OF ST. PAUL



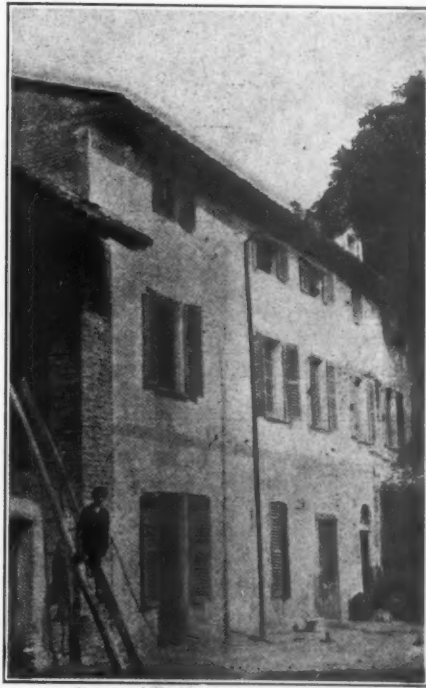
## THE † SIGN

months, saw the young man and was so struck by his modesty and profound recollection, that she enquired who he was. On being told that he was one of Signor Daneo's sons, she replied: "He must be preparing some great plan, or coming to some unusual, important decision." Another incident is related as having occurred at S. Martino. The saint, barely past adolescence, had just entered the church and knelt to adore the Blessed Sacrament, when some boys, playing behind him, caused a heavy bench to fall upon his bare feet. Paul neither moved nor turned his head. His companion observed that one of the feet was so badly crushed, blood was flowing from it. He begged Paul to come out and let it be washed and bandaged. Paul did not even answer. When the service was over, the two youths left the church together and the companion again urged Paul to look to his foot, but the boy only smiled. "These are roses! . . . Much worse and harder things ought I to suffer for my sins." Yet he walked in the midst of them more like an angel than a man.

**P**AUL had always had a love for the hermits of old and even as a child liked to hear his pious mother tell about the lives of the holy hermits in the desert. He chose now to imitate one of their customs by drinking from a hollowed gourd, shaped like a flask. Thus the nature of his beverage could not be detected; and every Friday, in memory of the vinegar and gall proffered to the sacred lips of the dying Saviour upon the Cross, Paul Daneo drank vinegar and gall. His sister met him one day carrying a gall-bladder into the house and asked him with lively curiosity what he was going to do with it. But the holy youth only bowed his head, without answering, and made his escape. After he had left home for good, the same sister brushing down the cobwebs and dust, one day

threw down an earthenware jar that stood where it could not be seen, and as the vessel broke with a crash, a most sweet fragrance floated out upon the air. The sister examined the pieces carefully and recognized the traces of gall; the celestial perfume seemed to be God's sign of benediction upon the love of the boy who had sought by every means to reproduce in himself the sufferings of his adored Christ Crucified.

At the age of eighteen Paul was elected Prior of the Confraternity of St. Anthony which enrolled most of the young men of the town, and he took advantage of his position to throw all his zeal for souls into his office. The association met every Sunday morning in the little church of the same title, to hear Mass and receive the Sacraments, and it was customary for the Prior to make an address to the assembled Brothers. Most earnestly and fervently did Paul fulfil this obligation, urging his companions to observe the laws of God and of the Church and to lead pure and exemplary lives. He reminded them frequently of the Passion and death of Our Redeemer and of the gratitude and fidelity we owe Him, and his words, so penetrated by his own compunction and ardor, sank deep into



THE HOUSE OF THE ATTICS

their hearts. Already he who sat in the Prior's chair, among the mingled good and bad of the youth of Castellazzo, was not an ordinary, well-meaning lad of eighteen, but one who, for all his hiddenness and the impenetrable humility wrapped around him like a cloak, for all his simplicity of speech and familiar ways of accent, idiom and manner which were the same as their own; had more than once, a Moses of the unshod feet and burning bush, fallen down upon Horeb and laid his face in the sod lest he see the living God and die. He could read their consciences quite plainly; he knew sin in them by

## THE † SIGN

a detestable odor, which had nothing physical about it, but was a supernatural sign given to him. And he would take some young man aside and say to him with perfect charity and yet complete assurance: "Brother, you have committed such and such sin. Go to confession."

The very power of God seemed to be behind his words, for when they were despised and disregarded, some terrible punishment came swiftly in their wake. He labored long to do away with the usage of serenades, so common in the country and apparently innocent, yet in reality dangerous and hurtful from many standpoints; and he had been successful at last in banishing the practise almost completely. One young man, however, refused to give up his prowling and wandering through the streets at night. Paul warned him that it was an occasion of sin and that he would perish if he persisted in it. But the youth had an "innamorata" and would not give up his songs beneath her window, and his nocturnal roamings of the town and vicinity. He was found,

soon after, dead in a lonely field near the river Bormida. An aged father who had received affronts and sorrow from a wayward son who gave him continual trouble, begged the young Prior of S. Antonio to speak to the boy and to try and bring him to his senses. Paul Daneo did it with all kindness and

earnestness, and endeavored to persuade the culprit that he should ask his father's pardon for his misconduct; the youth replied in scorn and anger that he never would. And Paul then gravely warned him that he would die. Shortly after, the prediction was verified, though the young man had been

in perfect health at the time it was made to him.

**B**ESIDES his apostleship among the Brothers of the Confraternity and all the youth of town, Paul also taught classes of children Catechism, and these too he exhorted to piety and to devotion to the Pas-

sion. Another of his works of charity was the burial of the dead. The pious Company of the Misericordia does not seem to have existed at Castellazzo, as it does in so many Italian towns, and apparently

there was no organization to perform the last offices for the poor. Paul felt a great pity for the wretched, abandoned human bodies and would take them upon his own shoulders and carry them to the graveyard; or call one of his companions to help him deposit the deceased in

the common pit provided for those too poor to purchase a grave. Thus he used his young strength, and the energy of his character . . . in all the arduous tasks he could find to perform for the love of God and for the service of his neighbor. Many a time the foulness of the charnel and the rottenness



ST. MARY'S, THE PARISH CHURCH OF CASTELLAZZO



MAIN STREET OF CASTELLAZZO

## THE † SIGN

of the pit in which they swung the decomposing corpses, caused Paul and his assistants to value material life at its just worth, and the body for what it is, void of the soul.

**A**S one thinks of the saint, there rises up before the mind's eye, a gracious image of what his appearance must have been, as he stood on the threshold of manhood. Tall he was already, but slender still, not having yet fully attained the stalwartness of the men of his race and locality, which in him became a very majesty of presence with the passing of the years. His complexion was clear and would have been bright, had not austerities and voluntary deprivations paled it. His eyes were "lively and limpid," his nose aquiline, his mouth delicate yet firm, with an unconscious sweetness of expression—a beautiful, holy and thoughtful presence, silent but not unduly silent, for when he was with his companions for recreation, many cheerful and agreeable words came from his lips, and simple, homely locutions, that bore the stamp of a genuine originality and at the same time carried some powerful, clear-cut truth that remained in the mind, for he spoke as one who knows God intimately and familiarly, confessing Him everywhere as Master and Lord.

Paul Daneow was about nineteen when some hour of extraordinary grace, which he was afterwards accustomed to call his "conversion," overtook him unexpectedly. It came in the course

of a sermon preached by the parish priest, during which some great light and moving grace struck so powerful a blow upon the young man's soul, that he was completely overthrown and overcome in the sense of his own sinfulness and tepidity, and at the imperfectness of his response to the call of God. Thus at least he viewed himself, although to others he seemed unquestionably a saint. He resolved to embrace at once a life of much greater rigor and self-denial, and, before beginning it, he was inspired to make a general confession of his past life. His contrition was so deep and overwhelming that, as he spoke his sins (and his whole life had been clear as a mirror and stainless throughout), he struck his breast so violently that the confessor feared that he

would do himself serious injury. Following this confession, Paul entered upon a manner of life so completely mortified and penitential that it is a marvel he was able to persevere in it; but the grace of God was great enough to enable him to surmount all obstacles. The parish priest who was his director, was an exceedingly stern man and exacting in his requirements, and the poor young penitent had a good deal to suffer at his hands. The smallest faults called forth rebuffs and flaying reprimands; and, even out of the confessional, this strict monitor seemed to watch for the opportunity to rebuke his charge. One day that the young man was kneeling in prayer in the choir and had drawn the collar of his cloak partly over his face for greater recollec-

tion and seclusion, the pastor happened to pass by and rudely tore the garment from his shoulders, asking him if that was the way to behave in the House of God? At times he would deliberately pass the young man by, in public, at the altar rail without giving him Holy Communion, as though he judged him unworthy; and although the saint gladly accepted the humiliation and made no effort to go to Holy Communion elsewhere, yet he was troubled in mind fearing that the occurrence might give scandal.

**T**HESE things were hard to bear, for Paul was well known in the town, he was spirited by nature and keenly alive; and, being gentle himself, roughness and harshness tried him sorely; but he would never con-

sent to change his director. "This confessor is good for me," he would say, "because he forces me to bow my head." So he would wait for hours in front of the confessional, until the priest, having heard every other penitent first, consented at last to hear him, and apostrophied him testily: "Come, speak up!" For long years these trials and incessant scoldings were the only assistance the penitent received from his spiritual father. And his own mental condition was not always one of peace; yet in the Tabernacle he found all that was wanting to him elsewhere. Thus his love for the adorable Eucharist grew ever more tender and intense.

One is horrified to find that this young man, living a life of continual prayer and of severest pen-



THE IRON CROSS

## THE † SIGN

ance, unsupported by his director, and so often in the chill of great and utter desolation, was at the same time much tempted in matters of faith. It takes a completely mean and cowardly enemy to press hard upon a soul that is sufficiently tried already, as this one was; but God is ever near those who invoke Him and put their trust in Him. Sometimes, worn out with his invisible combats, in a weariness that seemed as if it must be the end of all things, the youth, alone in the deserted church, would lay down his head upon the balustrade of the altar. He thus vividly described himself what his dejection must have been. But

Christ, too, at the beginning of His bitter Passion, began to "grow weary and to be sad." Paul did not always know how to meet and repel attacks that were insidiously crafty, and at times, seemed to have full possession of his whole being and to be his own convictions; but dumb, tortured, and often in complete darkness, with closed eyes, he grasped tightly the torch of faith. God was true, God knew, God had said it. God was Creator, Father, Life Everlasting. At length, one day of Pentecost, it pleased God that this suffering of his servant should cease. No doubt it was the Holy Ghost, invoked with fer-

rent prayers, descending upon him. The young man saw all the truths of religion clearly in such a splendor of light and glorified certainty of vision, that no shadow or cloud remained. "It would take a whole room full of books," he said to his confessor, "to explain all that God has given me to understand in regard to the mysteries of our holy faith."

**S**O, in alternate gloom and illumination, but with unswerving fidelity on his part, by combat and by peace, the great drama of the spiritual life unfolding to its full beauty of flowering time, developed progressively in the soul of the

saint. And ever before his eyes, in some white vision that never left him, the Christ hung on the Cross, with wounds in hands and feet and side, and blood pouring down the wood to the earth that drank it. He never lost the sight of this. And his tears flowed as he contemplated it. . . . "A God crucified . . . and for me! . . . A God scourged for me! . . . A God condemned to death by the creatures His own hands made out of nothing . . . and for my sins!" . . . It was the very core of his life. Christ Crucified; that was to be his meat and drink, his rest, his consolation, the one supreme

overmastering passion of his life. And that was why, in a world that offers pleasures with full hands, he must have no pleasure, nor solace, nor wealth, nor sensuous satisfaction of any kind, because Christ had none.

Vaguely, the young man had conceived the wish to draw other young men to his ideals and to the manner of life that he had embraced, and in which his brother, John Baptist had followed him so generously; but the familiar domestic duties and the needs of the large family held him by too many ties.

A call of chivalry to which he found himself unable to resist reached him in 1717 when he was

about twenty-one years old. The Turks were making advances upon Christian Europe, and had taken Morea, threatening Greece and other parts of the southeast; and the Republic of Venice, arming to defend her own territories against the Mohammedan invasion, summoned all men of good will to rally to her standards in defense of the Cross. Paul Daneo responded immediately. His youth, his manhood, his faith, were stirred by this appeal of a great cause; and he ardently desired to be cross-signed, as the knights of long ago, and to give his life, if it might me, in defense of the peoples who bore the



CHAPEL OF THE CONFRATERNITY OF ST. ANTHONY



## THE † SIGN

name of Christ.

But material arms were not the weapons intended for him. He had already enrolled himself as a soldier, and traveled north to join the Venetian forces, when entering a church in the city of Crema, where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, he was given to understand clearly that he was not in his vocation, and he made haste, docile wherever he saw the Will of God, to obtain his discharge and to retrace his steps toward home. An aged wealthy couple, with whom the young man lodged one night on his return journey, were so charmed with his appearance and address, and so edified by the habits of virtue which they recognized in him, that they were anxious to keep him with them always and to make him their son and heir. But if he could not fight for the Cross, then he must return to the aged parents to console and sustain them in their poverty. At Castellazo a trial of a new kind awaited him.

His uncle, a worthy priest, decided that as the lad showed no inclination to the priesthood, it would be better to find a good wife for him and to settle him decorously in the town. The preliminaries of the match were arranged, according to the Italian custom, by the parents of the contracting parties, and Paul knew nothing of what was going on until it was announced to him that he was shortly to be married. The blow was quite unexpected, and his whole heart and soul were against marriage. He had far other dreams. But the uncle insisted that he could not now withdraw without giving grave offense to all concerned, and the unhappy young man was compelled to accompany his uncle on a visit to the would-be bride. Paul never raised his eyes to look at the person who had been chosen as his wife; but, withdrawing into solitude, after the ordeal of the visit was over, he prayed to God with all the fervor of his soul to deliver him from this danger. His prayer was heard. The priest uncle fell grievously sick and died, and the young man was able to assert his firm resolution never to marry.

More and more clear in his mind grew the thought of breaking finally with the world and of dedicating himself inwardly and outwardly to God in a life of voluntary poverty, for that was the evangelical counsel, and of detachment from all things. To go away somewhere into seclusion, and to be alone with God: that was his desire; and the small fortune which the priest uncle had left to him per-

sonally and which he had renounced at once, taking only a breviary for his portion, would help to take care of the parents and younger children.

HIS confessor advised the young man to go somewhere else to confession, and Paul turned to the Capuchin Fathers, and was under the direction of one of them for counsel until the good religious having left the town, he addressed himself to a well-known priest, the Penitentiary of the Cathedral of Alexandria, under whom he was again sometimes in difficulties, as the worthy man seems to have had fixed methods of direction, although he was an excellent theologian.

Outside the church of the Capuchins, at a short distance from it, where the road curves away toward the outskirts of the town, a tall cross of wrought iron stands now, replacing an earlier one of wood; and here, tradition says, S. Paul of the Cross, as a young man, saw in vision the habit he was to wear. His own words marvelously relate the occurrence. . .

"Not to extend this writing unduly, I will mention how long these desires and inspirations lasted, until such time as I received the light which follows. I could not state the length of time with certainty because I made no note of it; but I should say about two years and a half. Then during the past summer, I do not recollect the month and the day because I did not write them down, but I know that it was while the wheat was being harvested, one week-day I went to Holy Communion in the church of the Capuchin Fathers at Castellazzo, and I remember that I was very recollected; afterwards I left the church to go home, and on the way, I was recollected as in prayer. When I came to the road that turns to go to our house, I was raised up into God in the highest recollection, with entire oblivion of all things, and very great interior sweetness, and at this time I beheld myself in spirit dressed in a black habit that reached the ground and with a white Cross on the breast, and beneath the Cross, I bore the most sacred Name of Jesus written in white letters, and at that instant, I heard these very words spoken to me: 'This is for a sign of how pure and candid that heart should be which is to bear the most sacred name of Jesus engraved upon it,' and I seeing and hearing this began to weep, and then it ceased."

(To be continued)

## Bred in the Bone

P. D. MURPHY

IT rose out of the darkness which had come on before its time, a long, low moan so strangely distorted by the echoing hills that it was difficult to say what it was or whence it came. Father Morrison returning home from a sick call suddenly applied his brakes and slowed down almost to a snail's pace. A moment later the cry was repeated, and the priest dismounting stood his motorcycle against a tree that grew by the roadside. Then hurriedly detaching his acetylene lamp he set off in the direction of the sound.

"Is there someone there?" came a voice out of the bracken a few yards ahead. The accents had all the freshness of youth, but youth helpless and racked with pain.

"I'll be with you in a minute," the priest replied as he quickened his steps. "What's happened?"

"I got thrown from my horse over an hour ago, and here I've lain ever since. Guess I'm done for—this time."

When the priest reached the injured man's side he held the lamp so that the light fell full upon the face which was that of a complete stranger. Then he knelt down and started to examine the patient. For the space of several moments there was silence broken only by the heavy, irregular breathing of the prostrate man. Presently the priest leant back and tried to force a smile.

"There are no bones broken," he announced. "You're badly shaken up no doubt, but I don't think your injuries are as serious as you suppose. You're a stranger in these parts, I fancy. I don't remember ever having seen—"

The remark was cut short by a long-drawn sigh. The priest bent low and peered into the young man's face. Then he rose and glanced helplessly about him.

"Gone off in a swoon," he murmured. "Now what shall I do?"

Overhead great masses of cloud were rapidly shutting out the stars, and now and again the rumble of distant thunder could be heard. The country around was but sparsely populated. The nearest dwelling was over a mile away across the fields, and to convey the patient thither unaided would be a

physical impossibility. At any moment now the storm might break around them. Shelter of some kind must be found without delay, for himself no less than for the helpless figure at his feet.

For a fraction of a second the whole countryside was lit up by a brilliant flash of lightning. In the darkness that followed the priest made the sign of the cross and offered up a silent prayer. Then after having satisfied himself that the man could be left alone for a little while, he pulled his hat over his eyes and strode up the steep hillside.

When the patient regained consciousness he found himself lying within a cave on a bed of heather. Near him the acetylene lamp burned unsteadily on a projecting ledge of rock, and over in a corner, almost hidden by the shadows, the priest was on his knees in prayer. The thunder rolled louder, and frequent flashes of lightning lit up the entrance to the cave. The patient stole a further furtive glance at the priest, saw him raise the crucifix to his lips and kiss it fervently. A gust of wind caused the lamp to flicker. Before it started to burn steadily again the priest came over and sat down on the primitive couch.

"Are you in pain?" he asked in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

"I ache all over," the young man answered with difficulty, "and I'm so weak that I believe I shall go off in a swoon again. But please don't interrupt your devotions on my account. You're a Catholic priest, I suppose?"

"Yes, my name is Father Morrison."

"And mine is Jack Leslie. I guessed you were a priest when I saw the crucifix. Besides, Catholics are about the only people that really believe in prayer. Religion never amounted to much in my life, but the best friend I have—the only friend, in fact—is a Catholic. You'll find his name and address on the first page of my pocket diary. If I should take a turn for the worse, or the doctors should decide to operate on me, you'll write and tell him, won't you?"

"Certainly, if you wish me to. Now close your eyes and go to sleep. Forget everything, even your injuries if you can. I'll sit here by you till you drop off."

## THE † SIGN

IN the presence of this young clergyman, Leslie felt like a child. Dutifully he closed his eyes and turned his head to escape the light which had begun to annoy him. After a while the cave began to grow dim. Everything seemed to be receding from view till someone came and bent over him. Then a soft hand was laid on his fevered brow. How cool and reassuring it felt! The next moment it was withdrawn, and a feeling of indescribable loneliness took possession of him. With a struggle he managed to open his eyes only to discover that everything about him was blurred and indistinct. He became obsessed with the idea that he was drifting through space at the mercy of the winds. Great waters surged and roared beneath him, and from out their sullen depths a thousand cannon boomed and thundered. Whichever way he turned danger stared him in the face. It was as though the elements had conspired, first to torture, and then utterly to destroy him. Nerving himself as though for a supreme effort he tried to call aloud for help, but no sound came from his parched lips, and he sank back in despair. All at once hushed voices sounded near him, friendly and reassuring. His aimless drifting seemed to come to an abrupt end. He felt as though he had been taken aboard some great liner that yielded readily to the sure hand at the helm. The thunder of canon melted into the peal of a mighty organ. A strange forked light pierced the darkness and revealed a dark robed figure in prayer before a gigantic crucifix that sparkled as with a myriad gems. A sigh escaped his lips and a feeling of security began to take hold of him. He felt that in some mysterious way he had come through the dangers that had threatened him. But where was he? What had happened? The sea was still breaking around him. He would be glad when they reached port.

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The evening train came to a standstill beside the little wayside platform and a solitary passenger alighted. The newcomer looked about him wearily until he caught sight of Father Morrison standing in the doorway of the waiting room. Then the shadow of a smile flitted across his face, and simultaneously both men advanced to meet each other.

"Pardon me, are you Mr. Condon?" the priest inquired.

"Yes, I'm Tom Condon," the stranger replied, "and I've a feeling that you are Father Morrison."

"So I am. You look tired after your long journey, and of course you must be feeling hungry. There are two miles of hill country before you yet. Do you think you can hold out?"

"Why, of course I can, Father. How is Leslie?"

"I'm sorry to have to say that Mr. Leslie is no better. That's why I summoned you here. The injuries, though painful at times, are not serious. But pneumonia has now set in and that complicates matters."

Condon climbed into the gig that was waiting in the station yard, and the priest took the driver's seat beside him.

"It would be such a pity if anything were to happen to him," the former remarked as they started off at a brisk trot.

"Yes, it would indeed," the priest agreed. "He strikes me as being a very nice young fellow. You and he are old friends, I suppose."

"Well, not old friends; but very good friends. I've known him only about a year, and our first meeting was quite accidental. I live in a village just outside London. Our nearest church is in Croyden, which is over six miles away. There are about thirty Catholic families in our village, and for some years before I met Mr. Leslie we'd been trying to get a site for a little chapel; but the anti-Catholic element put every conceivable obstacle in our way and frustrated all our attempts. One night about a year ago, when we were almost at our wits' end, we held a meeting in a friend's house to discuss ways and means. It was a dreadfully wet night, and in the height of our discussion Mr. Leslie knocked and asked permission to remain until the storm blew over. Permission was, of course, readily granted and he sat in at the meeting with us. When he learned what it was all about, and the difficulties with which we were beset, he surprised and delighted us by saying that perhaps he could help us out. Years before his mother had bought some ground near the station on which she planned to erect some cottages when her son left Oxford. She died before that day arrived, however, and Jack never put her plans into operation. Not only was he not interested in real estate, but he regarded the property as something of a nuisance. When he offered us the ground, or as much of it as we required, at a fraction of its market value, our joy knew no bounds, and forthwith he became the hero of the hour. We started building operations on a modest scale some months

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## THE † SIGN

ago, and now our little chapel is nearing completion."

"That's good news. I know something of those Surrey and Sussex villages, and can readily understand the nature and extent of the opposition you had to overcome. By the way, what is Mr. Leslie doing in Ireland?"

"There's something of a mystery in that, Father. Jack is private secretary to Sir Francis Blake, who in some way that has never been explained is connected with the present government. Some months ago it was announced in the press that Sir Francis was about to start for the Orient on an official mission. A few days later this was contradicted. I have reason to know, however, that the original announcement was correct and that Sir Francis had planned to take Jack with him. About a week ago I received a hurried note from Jack stating that Sir Francis had asked him to come over here and look after an estate he has somewhere in this neighborhood."

"The ways of governments and their emissaries are a mystery that you and I will never fathom, Mr. Condon. That's part of Sir Francis Blake's estate beyond the river. You'll be able to catch a glimpse of the house through the trees in a minute. There it is, see? Fine place, isn't it? He seldom visits it now, though before his marriage, I have heard it said, he thought the world and all of the property."

"The marriage was not a success, I believe?"

Father Morrison touched the pony with the whip.

"No," he answered after a long pause, "the marriage, as you say, was not a success. Mixed marriages seldom are."

"Was one of the parties a Catholic?"

"Yes, Sir Francis. His father and mother were devout Catholics, but they spoiled their son by giving him more rein than was good for him. Being an only child, he was allowed to do practically as he pleased. Why, before the lad was ten years old he, and not his father, was master of the house. When he had passed through college they wanted him to enter the Catholic University, but he elected to go to Trinity instead, and as usual, he had his own way. That, I imagine, was the beginning of the end so far as his connection with the Catholic Church was concerned. He remained a Catholic in name, however, up to the time of his marriage which took place at a registry office in London."

"Well, you surprise me, Father. I had the idea that Sir Francis, like most of the Irish aristocracy, was a dyed-in-the-wool Protestant."

"No, indeed; he's just a sheep that strayed from the fold. Whether he has been lost beyond recovery or not, I do not know. I wonder how our young friend is getting on."

"Yes, so do I. It was so good of you to look after him. I tremble when I think what might have happened if Providence had not sent you along."

"Mr. Leslie interests me. Of course, I am more or less interested in all sorts and conditions of men, but this young fellow, if I am not greatly mistaken, belongs to a class that is practically unknown in these parts."

"You mean he is so intelligent, so cultured?"

"Well, no, I can't say that that is the reason. I have met many intelligent and cultured men in my time who did not appeal to me in the least. Besides, Mr. Leslie has been unconscious most of the time since I found him lying up there on the hillside. My interest springs from curiosity, and I am glad of the opportunity to indulge that curiosity. Why I should be curious I shall let you know in good time. By the way, did he ever accompany you or any other friend of his to the Catholic services."

"He never accompanied me, and I feel certain he would have told me if he'd gone with anyone else."

"Did he ever go alone, do you think?"

"I don't believe he did. He wasn't that kind of fellow at all. If he ever went inside the door of a Catholic church he'd have mentioned it. He led an absolutely pagan life."

The priest stroked his chin and looked puzzled.

"That's extraordinary," he remarked a moment later. "If I hadn't it from someone who ought to know I should never have believed it. That's my little place up there at the crossroads. Fine scenery around here, don't you think? And the fishing in the mountain streams! I went out this morning after breakfast and caught a round dozen in less than an hour. Well, here we are at last, Mr. Condon. Welcome to Craganowen."

DINNER was not quite ready when they arrived, so Father Morrison escorted his guest upstairs to the sickroom. A nurse met them at the door and waved them back.

"Please don't come in," she whispered. "The

## THE † SIGN

the doctor every moment. I can't understand what's delaying him."

Condon looked over her shoulder and caught a glimpse of the pale face of his friend.

"What's that he's got in his hand?" he inquired.

"A crucifix," the nurse replied. "He asked for it in his delirium and I gave it to him. He's been much quieter since."

The two men looked at each other for a moment in silence. Then noiselessly they retraced their steps to the dining room.

"I can't understand it, Father," Condon remarked as they sat down to dinner.

"It's certainly remarkable, however you come to regard it," the priest murmured. "He frequently mentions the Mass, the Rosary, Benediction, and other Catholic services. Now what do you think of that?"

"There must be some explanation surely?"

"Oh, no doubt there is. Was his mother a religious woman, do you know?"

"No, he often told me that she was, like himself, a pagan."

"Then that being so, I can account for it in only one way. In my opinion it is a remarkable case of inherited memory."

"But from whom is the memory inherited?"

THE doctor and a much older man passed the dining room door and nodded to the priest as they went upstairs.

"You never met Sir Francis Blake, I suppose?" Father Morrison asked after a short silence.

"No, I never even saw the man," Condon answered. "I don't know what he's like from Adam; but he must be a pretty decent sort from the way Leslie speaks of him. Have you met him, Father?"

crisis is at hand and he's delirious. I'm expecting

"No, never in the flesh. I've seen his portrait several times though. The one that sticks in my mind was taken when he was a young man of about twenty-five."

After that the conversation languished. Though both men were hungry neither felt much inclination to eat. It was with a feeling of relief that Condon rose from the table at the conclusion of the meal. Upstairs his friend was fighting for his life. At any moment now the result would be announced. Racked as he was by anxiety, he could not put his mind to anything that would help to pass away the time. His host too was beginning to exhibit a feeling of nervousness, slight but still unmistakable.

As the housekeeper started to clear the table a step sounded on the stairs. Involuntarily both men started toward the door, Condon a step ahead of the priest.

"Well?" he began as the doctor appeared.

"The crisis is over, thanks be to God," the latter announced.

Condon swallowed the lump in his throat and leant against the banisters.

"Father, you're wanted upstairs," the doctor continued. "Sir Francis Blake is in the next room to the patient."

"And the patient is his son."

"So you knew?"

"Yes, I knew it all along. Why didn't he let the lad know who he was?"

"He lacked the moral courage to tell him because of that unfortunate divorce. He's got to leave here immediately on official business. I fancy he wants you to tell the lad the whole story when he is sufficiently recovered."

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The Ten Commandments don't need to be written half as much as they need to be reread.—*New York American*.

Dr. Grant reminds us of a man we used to have in our town who always called himself a Democrat and always voted the Republican ticket.—*American Lumberman*.

In-bound passenger steamships while passing through the cordon of liquor vessels on the Atlantic might appropriately ask their orchestras to play "Coming Through the Rye."—*Seattle Times*.

Now that Coue has gone into the films, let us hope that the pictures will heed his famous formula.—*New York Morning Telegraph*.

# Very Rev. Fr. Fidelis, Passionist

(JAMES KENT STONE)

## THE AWAKENING

KENT STONE'S experience during his Hobart days could be fittingly described by the Christian adage, *Per Crucem ad lucem*. His letters written at the beginning of his term as president tell of his preparations for the coming of his family. But the fatal sickness of which she was to die early in the year of 1869 did not permit Mrs. Stone to leave Brookline, whither she had gone pending the transfer from Kenyon.

Part of his reminiscences of these days are embodied in a letter to us from his daughter Frances. A brief reference to his religious beliefs prior to his coming to Hobart is given; after which the narrative reveals details which up to the last days he had been unwilling to divulge. Like his contemporary, Cardinal Manning, he never referred to his home and family. And like the illustrious Cardinal, he, in his last hours, momentarily lifted the veil, relying on death quickly to let it fall again. Manning owned that a precious packet lay beneath his pillow, containing the prayers his wife had composed and which, so he confided to his successor, Herbert Vaughan, he had daily used throughout his life.

The little that was known does not enable us to say more than that Mrs. Stone was a sympathetic companion in those trying years that preceded the "Awakening." She was a deeply spiritual woman. The incident recorded of her in a former number, attests that her perceptions of whither he was drifting, were exact; keener, indeed, than his own. Her letters, and Kent Stone himself, bear ample witness that not mere considerations of opportunism kept her abreast with him in his strivings for truth. But of so gentle a nature was she that the hue and the strife which his movements excited wore down her frail constitution. Her long lingering sickness extended over the time when the last stages of their groping for the light were at hand. It must have been one of the hidden sorrows of Father Fidelis' life that she, too, did not reach the object of their common quest.

We subjoin a part of his daughter's letter: "The

first little glimmer of attraction towards Catholicism was during his vacation in Italy, when seventeen years old, with his step-brother, Sir Archibald Morrison. His lone visit to a Monastery near Fiesole left a deep and lasting impression. But all through his student years and the days of his married life in Gambier, he never doubted the claims of his own Episcopal Church, and though he undertook many reforms and changes in the College there, he was never what could be called 'high church'.

"His wife's attitude, though she feared his getting into difficulties with his older co-workers, was not opposed to his higher tendencies, and she surprised him by bowing and kneeling at the services. And when he spoke of it she said that she 'never wanted to be low anything!'

"However, it was not until the time of her final illness in Brookline, at the home of her parents, during which she was nearly always semi-conscious or wandering—and he alone at Hobart College, with only hurried visits to her bedside—that the startling awakening came to him and he realized that the Catholic Church might be the only true one. He then and there began to study the question, alone . . . He wrote out a long list of objections and doubts, then, slowly, one by one, scratched them out until they were all gone.

"His wife never knew of this turn in his life, though he used to pray at her bedside and sometimes introduced Catholic prayers. But it was not until ten months after her death that he was actually received into the Church. He felt sure that, had she lived, she would have become a Catholic with him."

AMONG his letters, one to Mr. White will be of interest. It was written at Brookline, February 17, 1869. "You received, I trust, my telegram announcing my dear wife's death. For some time past it has been evident what the inevitable result must be and when at last the long suffering ended, death came as a welcome and a wished-for release. . . The little children are a great comfort; indeed I don't know what we should do without them. You who knew my wife so well can know



## THE † SIGN

what an unutterable loss this is and will be to me. How can I ever think of dear Gambier without a bitter pang? For the cause of all this mysterious suffering and derangement appears but too apparent. No one will ever know what mental pain she endured under all her calm and self-possessed demeanor. . . How well I remember her saying to me once as we walked in the little graveyard behind Rosse Chapel (she used to talk about her death with perfect composure) how much she wished she might be buried in that simple, peaceful (?) spot and have dear old Mr. White see her to her grave!"

We may surmise, from what we know of his habits, that his friends were not aware of the unsettlement taking place in his religious opinions during that year at Geneva. Mr. McDaniels speaks of the shock the College circle felt when the fact became known.

**E**VEN in ordinary affairs he piled up surprises for his associates. In questions of moment, whether personal or official, others knew of them only when a solution had been reached. He seemed to find satisfaction at thus injecting a dramatic turn into what he did. Not that he cared for effect. He could not but know that this procedure frequently nettled, and very often gave offence to, those whose opinions he respected.

These two anecdotes belong some time during his stay at Hobart. He had gone to supply the place of the minister of St. Paul's at Shelton Square, Buffalo. That particular Saturday night was so sultry that he spent a very restless night. The steady tramp of passers-by at an early hour interested him, and he arose to see what it might mean. Old St. Joseph's Cathedral, opposite to where he was staying, was beginning the Masses for the day. From that time on to the hour for his own late and only morning service he saw a repetition of the same spectacle. It made his thoughts all the more disquieting that his congregation was a meagre sprinkling over the richly appointed edifice. The soul of that which could summon worshipers had departed. The worship that had no sacrifice might be, he reflected, fairly accredited with the opprobrious title of superstition, being a vain substitute for genuine religion.

He also related that a like vital manifestation of religion, contrasting with the mere respectability of church-going among Protestants, came from the Irish servant girls employed by the fashionable col-

lege colony at Geneva. He watched his opportunity and would then secretly go to Father Mac's Church (the venerable Father McManus was pastor at that time) situated down in the "flats." He inspected carefully the stray prayer-books and articles of devotion which chanced to be about. Later he was taunted with the disgrace of being numbered with those who went to Father Mac's church. He had been, unknown to the scoffers, a visitor there on many previous occasions.

The reader must turn to the INVITATION for the account of his approach to the sources whence he drew the knowledge of the Church expounded in his book, and which, with the grace of God, was to make him a devoted son of the Church.

When the topic of his conversion was discussed by him, he would gravely reiterate what he had written; that it was a struggle centering in one's heart rather than in the mind. Accordingly, progress depended, after prayer, on one's own personal effort. He got no help, he said, and he couldn't see how it could be otherwise. His ideas as to the method of winning converts were, he seemed to think, at variance with that commonly pursued. But he was willing to modify his own opinion, acknowledging that he had no fitness for the apostolate to the non-Catholic. The crucial moment followed upon the breaking of the first rays of light. The will to believe is, he would maintain, the deciding factor, so far as the individuals' co-operation is important. Darkness of the understanding could be dispelled, if ignorance alone were the cause. It cannot be too difficult to see what the Lord plainly set, that it might be seen of all. The Church is a city seated on a hill which any eye may see "if it be single." Whether it is or not depends upon the will. When darkness prevails that darkness comes from within.

**H**E bordered on contemptuousness, when he dealt with the state of mind of those who have the loosest notions of the Church's teaching and history, who yet shy at the mental trials implied in Catholic belief. It was a trial to him to take seriously cries issuing from such depths of ignorance telling of a "wish to believe."

The plight of those who did pretend to serious study, in which class he placed his former self, deserved more patient consideration. Yet here, too, he was unsparing. Conscious, maybe sub-conscious, deception could be ascribed to them, in varying

## THE † SIGN

degrees, because they justified their want of submission by alleging insuperable intellectual difficulties. He directs his shafts against himself in the hope of mollifying others who were victims of a specious form of mental dishonesty. The whole of the first chapter in the *INVITATION* is the painstaking analysis of the processes which accounts for their errors. We can but select a sentence or two for quotation. These words open the book:

"May God forgive my hasty pride, but I used to fancy myself quite free from prejudice, and boasted in my heart of a readiness to welcome truth wherever found, and to follow it in whatever hard path it might lead." When he adds that he had from childhood prayed earnestly for docility of mind and when we ponder the difficulties he so luminously described, through which he passed, his condemnation of himself seems too hard. "The hand of God drew back the veil of my heart and I saw for the first time how utterly steeped in prejudice, how from the beginning I had, without question or suspicion, assumed the very point about which I ought reverently to have inquired with an impartial and a docile mind.

"I had studied the Roman Controversy; so I thought—if in my short life I could fairly be said to have studied anything; but *how* had I studied it . . . had I ever resolved with all my soul, and as one standing on the threshold, and in the awful light of eternity, to begin by tearing down every assumption and divesting myself of every prejudice, and *then* wherever truth should lead the way, to follow—"leave all and follow"? Alas, never! I had studied simply to combat and refute. The suggestion that 'Romanism' might after all be identical with Christianity was preposterous. . . The rise of the Papal pretensions was matter of the plainest history; and every well instructed child could point out how one fiction after another had been grafted into the creed of that apostate church. . . 'History'—who *wrote* that history? Well-instructed child—why, that was the very point at issue."

He continues: "I could not say with St. Augustine that I 'blushed with joy', but with shame I blushed, 'at having so many years barked not against the Catholic faith but against fictions. I should have proposed the doubt, how it was to be believed, not insultingly opposed it as if believed'."

Among the excellences of the *INVITATION* this

one point is noteworthy; the singular clarity and force with which he showed that enslavement of mind and of will reigns in the camp of non-Catholics. He effectually routs the enemy from his chosen stronghold. Father Fidelis oftentimes repeated, as has many another, his witness to the sense of mental liberation which followed on his entrance into the Church. That same sense, as of one freed from bondage of darkness, made itself felt in every other department of intellectual pursuit.

We reproduce the piece of intimate autobiography which he published for the first time in the revised edition of the *INVITATION*. That addition compensates in part for much of the same character which unfortunately he deleted in the latter book. As his last word to inquirers he repeats that two factors determine the outcome of striving to attain to the knowledge of the Truth—the grace of God, and the will to believe.

No one surely would be misled into thinking that what he here described had anything to do with satisfying his mind as to the worth of the claims of the Church.

(FROM AN AWAKENING)

IT was early dawn, a dark morning in the autumn of 1868. I had not yet risen, but I had roused myself, and lay listening in pleased fashion to the "pipe of half-awakened birds, and wondering when the college bell would ring, when of a sudden the thought came to me: What if the old Roman Church should be right, after all? Such an idea had never before entered my mind.

I lay trembling and very still. I felt in a vague, terrified way that something was happening—something was going to happen. And then material things vanished, and I seemed to see above me vast depths, as of an unilluminated sky. And while I looked, a door was opened in heaven, and there was light there, a pale radiance, that grew in unimaginable beauty—"the light that never was on sea or land"; and in a moment more I beheld far, far away the vision of a great white city, like unto the heavenly Jerusalem, slowly descending, with towers and battlements that I did not dare to gaze upon; for they were luminous with a splendor that did not fall upon them from above, nor from without, but which came from within; and I knew that the glory

## THE † SIGN

of God was there, and the Lamb was the light thereof.

Then came a voice, quick and sharp, with words inaudible to the bodily sense, yet which rang insistently through my startled soul; and the words were these: "Shut that door! Shut out that dream! If you look you will lose your head, as others have before you!" The voice was not from heaven—I was sure of that. Was it diabolical? I thought so then, but I know not. I have wondered since whether it could have been a cry of alarm from my subconscious self; whether my cowardly lower nature could have taken swift afright, while my higher consciousness was as yet only fascinated. That seems to me an explanation stranger still. It matters not, nor could I stop then to debate. I simply knew that a great temptation had come, had taken me by surprise, and I must fight it then and there. I knew that I *could* shut that door; I could well believe that madness lay that way; and gladly would I settle back into the old ways of thought, and the old paths of life, which I had always found so safe and pleasant. But would I be in good faith? Would I be dealing honestly with God?

Quickly there came a whisper: "Put that ques-

tion aside; don't discuss it." O my God! Was the voice coming back again in more subtle form? Then, as in a flash, I saw that no intellectual decision was possible in such a moment; it was my will, *my will alone*, which must act. And, with a voiceless cry to Heaven for help, I summoned all the waning energies of my soul, and offering up blindly, as in sacrifice, all the possibilities of life and death, I made a resolve—a simple, intense resolve—to *be true*, true to God, true to my conscience, true to myself. It was all I could do.

I looked again; but the vision had faded, and the room was growing bright with the light of common day. Then a weakness came over me. But my soul was at peace.

That day I went about my duties as though nothing had happened, but my whole life was changed.

A year passed by—a year spent in study, meditation, and prayer. I wasted no moment, I conferred with no man, but wrestled alone with my doubts and difficulties. One by one those difficulties disappeared; and then, as God gave me ability, I wrote down the result of my reflections and researches, as will be recorded in the pages which follow.

(To be continued)

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## "Thy Will Be Done"

"Be it to me according to thy word",  
Our Lady said. The listening heavens heard;  
From star to star the awaited whisper ran,  
And lo! God was made Man.  
  
"Thy Will, not Mine": the lips with Blood were wet.  
All hell moaned in the wind of Olivet.  
Earth's outcast breast with bridal rubies gleamed,  
And lo! A world redeemed.  
  
Make Thou my soul a breeze of Nazareth  
To bear abroad the word that Mary saith,  
Or like a grass-blade bowed adoringly  
Beneath the red rain of Gethsemane,  
That rustles to its sisters of the sod  
That word learnt as it kissed the lips of God.

— SISTER MARY BENVENUTA, O.P.

# The Appeal of



# Jesus Crucified

The articles in this section, while intended primarily for members of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion, will be helpful to all. They will serve as a guide to lead us to the Cross, there to learn the measure of Christ's love for us and to gath-

er strength against our own sinfulness. We ask all our readers to join the Archconfraternity. Its obligations are few and easy. Address THE SIGN for application blanks. Leaflets on the Passion supplied free.

## JESUS IS CONTEMNED BY HEROD

"And Herod with his army despised Him, putting on Him a white garment, and sent Him back to Pilate."

"From the Court of the High-Priest, Jesus was led to the Governor's hall. And it was morning: and they went not into the hall, that they might not be defiled, but that they might eat the Pasch. Pilate, therefore, went out to them. And they began to accuse Jesus, saying: 'We have found this Man perverting our nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Caesar, and saying that He is Christ the King. . . . He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout Judea, beginning from Galilee to this place. But Pilate hearing Galilee, asked if the Man were of Galilee. And when he understood

that He was of Herod's jurisdiction, he sent Him away to Herod, who was himself at Jerusalem in those days. And Herod seeing Jesus was very glad: for he was desirous for a long time of seeing Him, because he had heard many things of Him; and he hoped to see some sign wrought by Him. And he questioned Him in many words. But Jesus answered him nothing. And the Chief Priests and Scribes stood by earnestly accusing Him. And Herod with his army despised Him, putting on Him a white garment, and sent him back to Pilate."

### FIRST PART OF MEDITATION

(Considerations and Affections Directed to Jesus)

#### CONSIDER THE CONTEMPT AND DERISION OFFERED TO JESUS BY HEROD AND

**HIS COURT:** Herod was an effeminate, sensual, frivolous, shallow, vain, haughty and conceited man. He was desirous for a long time to see and hear Jesus, not that he might learn the law of God and the way of salvation, but solely that he might gratify his curiosity and witness some miracle, for he had heard much about the marvelous powers of the new Prophet. Contemplate the meeting of Jesus and Herod. See Herod in his royal robes, seated on his throne, his crown on his head, his army and courtiers in attendance. Before him stands Jesus meek, calm, with



JESUS IS DERIDED BY HEROD AND HIS COURT

His eyes lowered, bound and handcuffed like a public criminal—the Supreme King of the heaven in the presence of an insignificant ruler of

this earth. Listen to the false accusations and clamors of the Chief Priests and Scribes, and to the numerous questions put by Herod. "What defence do you offer?" he asks Jesus. "Are you the Messiah, who is to come? Are you the Son of God? Do you claim to be the King of Israel? Who are you? I have heard marvelous things about you. Can you truly give sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and health to all that are sick? Did you actually raise the dead to life? Give a display of your power now and I will befriend you and protect you."

Now cast your eyes on Jesus as He stands silent in the presence of this proud, worldly king. "And Jesus answered him nothing." Confounded by this silence of Jesus and indignant at what he regards as a grievous slight to his majesty, Herod turns to ridiculing Jesus, despising Him as a simpleton and idiot. He clothes Him in the white garment with which fools were wont to be



## THE † SIGN

clothed, and then, laughing heartily, he and his court and the whole army, together with the Chief Priests and Scribes, make fun of Him, joke about Him, and call Him vile names. Herod's verdict upon Jesus is that He is a deluded fool and so dismisses the case and orders Jesus returned to Pilate.

Take your stand now at the side of Jesus and offer Him, in reparation, the sympathy and homage of your heart. "My Jesus, I am deeply grieved at this insult and outrage and I protest against its meanness and injustice. Would that I could atone for the awful blasphemy against Thee—Infinite Wisdom and Infinite Holiness branded by a foul wretch as a fool and a simpleton! Ah, my Jesus, I acknowledge that Thou art the Messiah, the Son of God, the supreme King and Ruler of the universe, and I bow down and adore Thee." (Repeat such acts slowly and with fervor as long as you experience devotion.)

### SECOND PART OF MEDITATION

(Considerations and Affections Directed to Our Own Spiritual Improvement)

**CONSIDER THE PROFOUND IMPORT AND PRACTICAL LESSON OF THIS MYSTERY:** In every part of His Passion, Jesus stands before us not merely as the Victim for sin, but as the Teacher of the human race. "Christ suffered for us, leaving you an example that you should follow in His footsteps." (I Peter 2.) Here before Herod, Jesus teaches us what treatment His followers must expect from the world. Herod was but a type of the world—of that world whose spirit and teaching are diametrically opposed to those of Jesus Christ—of that world of which St. John says: "All that is in the world is the concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life." Herod could not understand the spirit of Christ, because his own life was evil—because his thoughts and affections were set solely on this world. "The sensual man perceiveth not those things which are of the spirit of God, for it is foolishness to him and he cannot understand." (I Cor. II.) The meekness, modesty, humility, and silence of Jesus were a bitter reproach to the corrupt conscience of Herod and he could not endure them, so he scorned and despised them.

This scorn of Herod was but the scorn which the world has ever had and ever will have for Jesus Christ and His Church. "The world hateth Me, be-

cause I give testimony of it that its works are evil." As Jesus was scorned and despised by the frivolous, voluptuous, worldly Herod, so will His true disciples ever be scorned and despised by the frivolous children of this world, and for the same reason. "Remember My word that I said to you: the servant is not greater than his master. If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you. If the world hate you, know that it hath hated Me before you. If you had been of the world, the world would love its own, but because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." What St. Paul says of himself, is true, in some degree, of all Christ's followers. "We are made a spectacle to the world and to angels and to men. We are fools for Christ's sake." (I Cor. 4.)

The conduct of Jesus toward Herod teaches us how we are to act towards this world. "Jesus answered him nothing." Jesus silently scorned his proffered friendship and fearlessly met his contempt and derision. And so Jesus says to us: "Behold, I send you as sheep in the midst of wolves, beware of men, but fear them not . . . fear not them that kill the body and are not able to kill the soul, but rather fear him that can destroy both soul and body in hell." (Matt. X.) And by His Apostle St. James, He warns us: "Know you not that the friendship of this world is the enemy of God? Whosoever, therefore, will be a friend of this world, becometh an enemy of God." (James 4.)

**APPLICATION TO YOUR OWN SOUL:** "Ah, my Jesus, how often have I sought the friendship of the world! How desirous I have been of its good opinion and its own good will! How fearful I have been of its criticism and its contempt! How often has my conduct been influenced by its false principles and its vain judgments! Ah, how unwilling I have been to pass as a fool for Thy sake! My Jesus, pardon me, I implore Thee. I resolve now to become Thy true disciple and to despise the judgment and criticism and persecution of the worldly-wise. Oh, Mary, true image and most faithful imitator of Jesus, help my weakness!

**FRUIT OF MEDITATION:** To guard our mind against the false principles and vain judgments of the world and to ignore its criticisms and contempt.

**EJACULATION:** "Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make my heart like unto Thine." (300 Days' Indulgence.)

## With the Junior Readers



## of The Sign

### Our Head

"Thou shalt not break a bone of Him,"  
'Twas said when all was o'er,  
When men had marred the image fair  
Of Him Whom Choirs adore.

The thorny wreath, the frequent lash,  
The nails that held Him fast,  
Had wrought in Him full meed of woe,  
Ere He bowed His Head at last.

When men have done their worst, and pain  
Yields to the ease of death,  
"Thou shalt not break a bone of Him,"  
Seems but an idle breath.

Ah, no! Though bruise they might and pierce,  
They never must divide  
The Members—all true, faithful souls—  
Of Him they crucified.

—Colman Ladd.

### Seeing Things

**A** TRUE education helps us to see and discover things instead of always depending upon hearsay. Professor Vinal of Rhode Island College writing in *Nature Study Review*, after examining nearly three hundred High School and College students, tries to show how little the average student thinks and sees. Most of the replies were based on myths and old sayings rather than on what the student could have observed for himself. We will let the professor dispose of some "old sayings."

"Busy bee" is the most familiar. Yet a bumble bee does not store enough honey to keep the colony over winter. If the honey bee is meant, we should recall that the community is noted for its drones. The queen and drones do none of the work and all members of the hive loaf during the winter. It would be far more appropriate to say "idle as a bee." Bats are not blind; owls are not wise; loons are not crazy; adders are not deaf; peacocks are not proud; crows are not black; hornets are not mad. Five girls to one boy

mentioned the possibility of bats getting into one's hair. This belief is a feminine trait, perhaps because girls are more concerned. . . Fifty per cent of the answers stated that crows eat the farmers' corn. Only twenty per cent mentioned anything of credit to the crow, yet the authorities say that the crow's account with the farmer far outweighs the debit side. The hawk, it would seem, is constantly engaged in "stealing chickens." Other answers were: "It steals"; "Dangerous"; "Eats people"; "Takes away children at times"; "Injurious to small children."

What is the color of the robin's breast? Nearly half said red. When a male robin was placed in a paper bag and a small hole cut to show a small portion of the breast, the "old saying" of the nursery rhyme was discarded and the answers were "brown," "yellow brown," "Gray brown," "golden brown," "orange." That robin redbreast has not a red breast is only one instance of the errors that follow depending on rhymes and "old sayings" rather than on what we might see for ourselves. And so the shell of the soft-shelled crab is not soft, the black mussel is blue; the starfish is not a fish, the potato bug is not a bug; nuthatches do not hatch nuts; flying squirrels cannot fly; darning needles are unable to darn; wormy apples do not contain worms; and the waves are never "mountain high." Only four per cent of the students knew how squirrels opened nuts.

The great advantage of gaining knowledge, not by rote, but by examining and discovering things for ourselves, is that we remember such knowledge longer and can use it more readily.

### Sin and the Countenance

**Y**OU have seen the story about the President pardoning the prisoner who, being an artist, had employed his talent in adorning the walls of the prison chapel with excellent paintings. For some of the subjects he used his prison companions as models. You are familiar with what is probably the most famous painting in the world, "The Last Supper," by Leonardo Da Vinci, and there is a strange story connected with it. The artist had long sought in vain for a model for our Lord.

## THE † SIGN

"I must find a young man of pure life," he declared, "before I can get that look on the face I want."

After long search his attention was called to one among the choir singers of an old church in Rome, by name Pietro Bandinelli. This young man's face was of singular beauty and his life was correspondingly good and pure. The artist took but one glance at that sweet, pure countenance, and exclaimed, "At last I have found the face I wanted." And Pietro Bandinelli posed for his picture of Christ.

Years passed by and still the great painting of the Last Supper remained unfinished. All the eleven faithful Apostles had been sketched in and Da Vinci was seeking a model for his Judas. He had in mind a man whose face was hardened by sin—"a debased man," he said, "with features stamped with the brooding of a wicked heart and the ravages of wicked living."

Suddenly one day, wandering in the streets of Rome, he came upon a wretched creature, a ragged beggar, with a face so hard and villainous that it repelled even the artist. But, here was his Judas.

Forthwith he was engaged and with his repulsive countenance sat as the model for Judas. When dismissing him Da Vinci said, "I have not yet asked your name, but I do so now." "Pietro Bandinelli," the man replied and, looking at the artist unflinchingly, added, "I also sat to you as the model for your Christ."

Da Vinci, astonished at this revelation, could scarcely believe it, but proof was there and he had finally to admit that Pietro Bandinelli with the face distorted by the sins of a lifetime was the same whose fair face had been an inspiration for the central figure of his masterpiece.

### "Out of the Mouths of Babies"

(Thoughts of the Juniors dwelling upon the Most Solemn Part of the Mass)

It is because Christ becomes Man again in the Mass that, at the conclusion, the words: "The Word was made Flesh" are read.—Marie Zang, Pittsburgh.

A tiny bell announces the time of preparation for this most solemn moment. The priest bows low, humbly begging in silent prayer at the Canon of the Holy Mass that the Saviour may come. Another tiny bell announces the Consecration: Christ has come.—Cecilia Zervas, Moorhead, Minn.

In our Church is the fulness of truth and the con-

tinuous sacrifice spoken of in the Old Testament that should last till the end of time.—June M. Goldsmith, St. Joseph's Academy, Wheeling, W. Va.

At the Consecration we are transported to the supper room at Jerusalem and hear those words of deepest meaning: "This is My Body. This is My Blood," and at the elevation we are as suddenly transported to Calvary and see Christ lifted on high. He is the Victim daily renewing His death for the human race.—Mary E. Shafer, *ibid*.

By looking at the Sacred Host and Precious Blood when the priest elevates It, and repeating the words of St. Thomas, "My Lord and my God" we gain an indulgence.—Edwin Paulmenn, Elizabeth, N. J.

At the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass we should, to a certain extent, discontinue our private devotions and fix our attention directly upon the altar.—Frances M. Thompson, St. James' Academy, Brooklyn.

When we see the pictures of the idols that were formerly and are still adored, we realize what this darkness must mean; we observe during this Holy Sacrifice that we have the One God, and that we should help the missionaries with our pennies to spread the faith.—Jane Lawler, West Englewood, N. J.

The Mass is the same Sacrifice as that of the Cross because the offering, the Priest, Jesus Christ, and the ends for which the Mass is offered are the same. The giving of money does not pay for the Mass, because the Mass is worth more than all the money in this world.—Mary Szoke, Wharton, N. J.

At the changing of the bread and wine the altar is surrounded by a myriad of adoring angels, for why should they not descend to this lowly earth since by the words of God's holy priest it has become Heaven.—Adelaide Becker, Visitation Academy, Parkersburg, W. Va.

Now is the time for old and young to raise their hearts to God in thanksgiving for all His benefits. Our Lord suffered with the intention of redeeming every soul in the world; but without baptism we cannot enter heaven. Think of the millions of babies in China that cannot be saved without the help of your prayers and acts of self-denial.—Alice Nelson, *ibid*.

We have said if we could only have been present at the time of the Crucifixion and kissed the ground that our Lord walked on, we could have sinned no more. If people would only realize how many graces they could receive by assisting devoutly at this most solemn part of the Mass, many would endeavor to spend this time more profitably.—Bernadette Albright, *ibid*.

Competition is now on as previously announced for the best composition on the subject "Gethsemane." Send your composition, complying with the usual conditions, before March 10th to

Daddy Senn Fu,

THE SIGN,

West Hoboken, N. J.

# The What-Not

The What-Not is in a special sense our readers' very own. In it we shall answer any questions relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish any communications of general interest to our readers. Com-

munications should be made as brief as possible, and should always be signed with the writer's name. No anonymous communications will be considered. Address: THE SIGN, West Hoboken, N. J.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**My cousin expects to be married in Lent. I tried to persuade her to wait until after Easter and to be married with a Nuptial Mass, but was unable to give her a very clear reason. Would you do so, briefly?—Ohio.**

The fact that the Church has arranged a special Mass for the marriage ceremony should be a sufficient reason for every dutiful Catholic to be married with a Nuptial Mass.

At this Mass two solemn blessings are given which cannot be received at any other time and which are given to the couple as they kneel on the very steps of the altar. During the entire Mass the variable parts are so beautifully suited to bring God's blessing on the married couple that we regret the limitations of space which forbid our quoting them.

It is not necessary to have what is called an "ostentatious" marriage! but a marriage of Catholics without a Nuptial Mass should never be arranged for unless for the gravest of reasons.

The wise couple contemplating marriage can best insure the happiness of their married life by not using their courtship as a cloak or excuse for sin, by being married while they are in the state of grace, and by receiving the very special grace of God on their marriage.

**Why does not the churching of women take place privately? It seems to me that this public ceremony is apt to make good mothers feel ashamed.—New York.**

This question seems to come from a mistaken idea of the nature and purpose of the ceremony of churching. No mother need "feel ashamed" through the ceremony because there is absolutely no obligation on any mother to be churching. Again, churching is the privilege of honorable mothers only.

Your idea of shame in connection with this ceremony probably arises from the fact that this rite recalls the old Jewish legal purification of women. But even this legal purification implied no sin. On the contrary, we know the exalted idea of motherhood among the Jews. It was merely a restriction, reminding the woman that she was a daughter of Eve, inheriting from her the penalty of bringing forth children in sorrow.

Churching is essentially different from this Jewish ceremony. It is not in any way associated with legal or moral defilement. Rather it is something altogether honorable—a rite in which the mother publicly thanks God for a safe delivery and in which a special blessing is invoked upon her and her child.

**I have seen pictures of the Crucifixion which show the two thieves tied and not nailed to their crosses. Is this historically correct?—Mass.**

The details of the Crucifixion, as portrayed by artists of different times and countries, vary most remarkably. Abundant evidence of this fact is provided in the art galleries of the Metropolitan Museum alone. The thieves on Calvary were crucified, nailed to their crosses just as our Lord was. This is proved by St. Helena's difficulty in distinguishing the True Cross from the other two, when she had them unearthed centuries later.

**Why is it that the revelations of Catherine Emmerich, St. Bridget, and other mystics about the Passion differ so notably?—New Jersey.**

Father Ollivier, in his splendid book, "The Passion," answers this difficulty very well. "These private revelations," he remarks, "are not to be studied as historical documents. They are inspired to increase devotion to our Lord's sufferings, rather than to give us the exact details of those sufferings. And just as we are accustomed to see our Lord and His Blessed Mother and the saints as the art of our country represents them, so these visionaries were not made by the Holy Ghost to view the actors in the Drama of Calvary in a form which would be altogether at variance with their cherished ideals. Such revelations have never been regarded by the Church as historical evidence but as admirable helps to render meditation on the Passion of our Lord more realistic and hence more profitable to our souls."

In the same work Fr. Ollivier relates an old legend to illustrate the value of meditation on the Passion. It tells of a young man about to sell his soul to the Devil. Before he concluded the bargain, however, he required that Satan paint for him a picture of the Crucifixion. When the Devil at last consented and gave him the painting, the young man was overwhelmed with sorrow and repentance and his soul was saved. The story may be only a legend, but it carries a very precious moral.

**My sister's baby died before it was at all possible to baptize it. She is heartbroken to think that she will be separated from her infant for all eternity. Does the Church hold out no hope in this matter?—Ohio.**

Indeed the Church does hold out all the consolation that we could desire, no matter what some individual rigorists may say to the contrary. The Church teaches us that the Sacraments were made for men, not men for the Sacraments, that is to say—Christ can



## THE † SIGN

supply for the effect of any Sacrament, when through no fault of the person concerned, the Sacrament has not been received.

What He does in the case of babies who die unbaptized, the Church has not defined. The common teaching of her theologians is that such infants enjoy forever a happiness far beyond any which we can imagine, although it is not the same as the beatitude enjoyed by the saints. But as all eternal blessedness will be enjoyed only in God, how can we believe that mother and child will be separated in Heaven?

The "American Ecclesiastical Review" (August, 1899) contains an article very pertinent to the question. It tells how, in 1857, the Sacred Congregation in Rome was asked whether a mother, whose child died without Baptism, could receive the Benediction given to a mother after childbirth. The answer was Yes. It was further asked if any change should be made in the prayer, "Grant, O Lord, that after this life she (the mother) with her child may merit to obtain eternal life." The answer was that the prayer was to be said without any change. Is not this evidence of the mind of the Church as agreeing with what we have asserted?

\* \* \*

Does a man gain any indulgence by lifting his hat when passing a Catholic church?—New Jersey.

Yes. An indulgence of 100 days each time. A woman may gain the same by simply bowing her head reverently in passing.

## COMMUNICATIONS

Editor THE SIGN:

Sir:

It is irritating to hear the Socialists proclaim the principal of Universal Brotherhood as their very own. They seem somehow to think that it was discovered by Marx.

At the beginning of the late war they confidently asserted that the principle of Universal Brotherhood would put a speedy end not only to the war, but to all war. The German Socialist would not take up arms against his French comrade and vice versa.

And not only did the war drag on—but war seems to be still with us. The only result of Socialism's Universal Brotherhood seems to have been the imprisonment of a few fanatics, who had the courage or the cowardice of their convictions. Socialism became a synonym for Conscientious Objector—not a very popular term among the boys in the service.

Universal Brotherhood as preached by Christ and His Church is based on the Fatherhood of God and on the supernatural love of all men as the children of God. It alone can abolish war if the people would accept it.

Socialism failed because its principle of Universal Brotherhood is neither universal nor brotherly. It

seeks to abolish war among the nations while fanning the flame of class hatred. It does not teach that all men are brethren, but that all men are cogs in the great wheel—Humanity. It emphasizes the struggle between classes and individuals and seeks to calm the raging passions of man!

The chief reason why Socialism has failed is that, while seeking to promote the Brotherhood of Man, it has forgotten or ignored the Fatherhood of God, and, in fact, has ignored God altogether.

Respectfully yours,

C. P. G.

Chicago, Ill.

## A CONTRAST

He looked down at the two magazines in my hand. "It is hard," said he, smiling, "to make a fair comparison. The POST is so wealthy, that it can give a quality and quantity of reading matter far beyond yours for one-quarter of the price."

"But," I retorted, "you are trying to form a comparison in the wrong way. THE SIGN is not trying to compete with magazines like the SATURDAY EVENING POST for their kind of popularity. That would be hopeless. But here is a little remark from E. V. Lucas, in 'Roving East and Roving West,' which might help to explain my attitude. 'Weighed down,' he says, 'beneath the bulk of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, what would Benjamin Franklin say, if he saw its lure deflecting its readers from the real business of life?'"

"Now, I am not trying to deprecate the POST. You see, I read it myself and I heartily recommend it for light literary enjoyment. But what I mean to point out is that such periodicals should not constitute the principal part, the serious side of our reading. That must be made up of matter which will not deflect us from the real business of life, but rather make us feel, after our reading, that we have really gained something worth while. And yet these seriously worth while ideas, too, must be presented in an attractive and entertaining style. To accomplish this is the purpose of THE SIGN, and it is on this basis that we invite comparison with our secular periodicals."

## THE TIRED WOMAN'S EPITAPH

Here lies a poor woman who always was tired;  
She lived in a house where help was not hired.  
Her last words on earth were: "Dear friends, I am going

Where washing ain't done, nor sweeping, nor sewing;  
But everything there is exact to my wishes,  
For where they don't eat there's no washing dishes.  
I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing,  
But, having no voice, I'll be clear of the singing.  
Don't mourn for me now; don't mourn for me never—  
I'm going to do nothing forever and ever."

# With the Passionists in China

Latest Communications from Our Missionaries

## At the Baby Farm

FR. RAPHAEL VANCE, C.P.

**A**CCIDENTS will happen the world over. From Father Raphael comes word of one that ended rather disastrously for one of his little children at the "Chenki Baby Farm." Having saved these little tots from death,



nature itself binds their tiny lives to him with bonds of deepest affection. We admire the wonderful work he is doing among these poor

abandoned waifs and sympathize with him in his heroic efforts in behalf of their immortal souls. We quote from a short letter recently received:

"Last night I reached Chenki after a slow and arduous trip of four days from Shenchowfu. There was no time to waste so I immediately got busy. The very next day I started three carpenters at work in making my room liveable. I also set painters to work in the chapel, i. e., two men and myself. The workmen here are not like

those at home. An American may loaf on the job, but he will usually do the right thing when he does work. But it seems to me that over here you have to be continually giving instructions and stay on the job to see that they are properly executed. Otherwise you might as well prepare yourself to find the work done wrong.

At twelve o'clock someone added another baby to the 200 I had. I baptized No. 201, and then gave it some medical treatment. The poor child had several large, ugly sores.

After dinner several Chinese Generals called to offer their respects to "Fay-Sen-Fu." After these notables had left I hastened to pay a visit to the babies and was met with the sad news of an almost fatal accident. One of the babies had been almost burned to death. It appears that the little one fell over one of the Chinese stoves. The clothes caught fire and before the child's plight was discovered, she was almost burnt to a crisp. I worked over the child for nearly an hour and a half. The little body was just one mass of blisters—head, face, arms, hands, back, stomach, legs and feet. The child is one of my little pets and it was wonderful to see her smile at me in the midst of all

the suffering she was undergoing. That sight alone gave me new courage. What an example it was—smiling in the midst of pain so intense! It made me think of how we should smile beneath the cross God places on our shoulders from time to time. I hope God spares my little one, for it is of such souls that saints are made."

## Echoes From Yuanchow

FR. TIMOTHY McDERMOTT, C.P.

**R**ECENTLY there have been some particularly trying questions here that needed a speedy solution. We still have a few hanging fire—such as a catechumen trying to sell his baptized daughter to a pagan soldier who



must have at least two or three wives in other places. However, God is taking care of us and with His help such questions will always be properly

taken care of. After all, one should not be surprised that such things happen in China. China has been dominated by idolatry and superstition for so many centuries that the light of the True Faith penetrates slowly. Our impulse is to be angered when such cases are called to our attention, and we are strongly tempted to become disheartened. But we missionaries must always remember that we are the emissaries of Christ and in Him we always find consolation and strength.

I am, by much patience, hard work, a little diplomacy and the kind offerings of benefactors, buying a small property, piece by piece. One of the Chinese houses



FATHER RAPHAEL AND SOME OF HIS BABIES

## THE † SIGN

I am repairing; putting in a good floor, a new roof and a few windows. With that I shall be content until such time as a better can be afforded.

This coming month, with God's help, I am going to build a little brick chapel in which I can have the happiness of reserving the Blessed Sacrament. Then I secured a small piece of property which with a few alterations will be admirably suited for use as a school. This I am paying for with the proceeds of a Euchre held by some American friends.

Every minute of my time is well spent. You will have some idea of how precious my time is when I tell you that the first sentence or two of this letter was written two days ago and I have not had a minute in between times to finish it.

For several reasons it will be necessary for me to make a visit to Shenchofu. If nothing turns up to prevent it, this will be the first time for over eight months that I have ventured outside my Mission. I really dread the trip, for besides two days walking, it will necessitate every bit of three weeks in a little open boat. However, it is necessary that I go. My one hope is that when I return I shall be accompanied by a new missionary for Yuanchow. There is urgent need here of more help. The work is altogether too much for me alone. I wish our good Americans could see this Mission and understand its many, many needs. No further appeal would be necessary in order to urge them to do all they could to help its progress!

Just now we are afflicted with bandits. All Hunan is in constant fear of these marauders. And of course Yuanchow cannot be a back number. Our place here is overrun with soldiers. The bandits are gathering in large numbers just a short distance from here and the soldiers are planning to get into action against them. "There shall be wars and rumors of wars—but the end is not yet."

Readers of THE SIGN have

read the rather inadequate description of the famine which carried off over thirty thousand natives from this district alone. Pray God that my little flock be spared from this new terror. The ravages of the late famine have not all passed away. The wage earners of many families having died during the famine, left behind them no means of support for their needy wives and children. They are wearing rags and beg for their food. May God spare this spot from the devastations of bandits.

## On the Yangtze

FR. KEVIN MURRAY, C.P.

THE Yangtze River on which we traveled from Shanghai to Changteh is one of the largest rivers in the world. It is about three thousand miles long and is navigable by the largest ocean steamers for six hundred miles.



In some parts it is over five miles wide, while in others it is so narrow that the boat almost scrapes the shores. All along its banks nestle villages of thatched-roof houses one story high.

The people who dwell in these hovels are miserably poor and primitive. They make use of water buffaloes to do their ploughing and the plough itself is made of wood. The very poor gain their livelihood for the most part by fishing. One of the ways in which they fish is by using a cormorant. This bird is a fisher by nature and is trained by the natives to bring the fish to the boat. It is a great pet and highly prized.

At every port where our steamer stopped there were a hundred or more peddlers ready to jump on board and sell their wares. But unless the stranger knows the value of Chinese money it is foolish for him to risk a purchase.



BEGGARS IN THEIR TUBS

Once these peddlers get the idea that you are ignorant of Chinese money they don't hesitate to take advantage of you.

At Wuhu we saw for the first time what are known as the "Tub Beggars." In China there are two classes of beggars, just as there are the world over. There is the professional beggar, and the really deserving beggar. The Tub Beggars belong to the professional class. They get their name from their method of begging. They come out, to meet every vessel, in large tubs about 6 to 8 feet in diameter. These tubs are paddled in canoe fashion. The mother on one side, and one of her children on the other, and the baby, if there is one, lies in a basket in the centre of the tub. These beggars paddle their tubs alongside the steamer and begin their plaintive cries. With moans and sighs and grunts and groans, they frequently arouse the sympathy of strangers who draw out their purses and drop a few coins into their tubs. The trick works once, that is until the stranger finds out that he has been "touched." For my part, I think they sure do play their act well!

Eight days after leaving Shanghai we arrived at Hanyang. Here the Irish Fathers of Omaha have a flourishing Mission. We were received most cordially by them. Fr. Galvin, the Superior, told us to consider his community as if it

## THE † SIGN

### A Critical Moment In Yungshunfu

FR. AGATHO PURTILL, C.P.

**H**ERE'S a little information about my work in Yungshunfu, for I know that every reader of THE SIGN is curious to know more about our work in this mysterious land.



I have turned this Mission just about inside out. The American is trained from the cradle up to know that "time is money." But in China—

well, the Chinese have no idea of time. In America the church bell clangs out its message before each service—it's time, it's time. But in this Mission until my arrival, Mass, public prayers, services of any kind were at almost any time. But all that is changed. I have set up a public clock and now everything is on the minute.

The school was nothing more than a kind of playhouse. Boys will be boys in China just as they are in the U. S. A. Something had to be done to make the youngsters realize the difference between a school and a playhouse. And it has been done. To make a long story short, the boy that now plays goes without his supper. I could not impress upon them that the school was not a place to idle away

their time. But when their stomachs had to pay the penalty they became quickly impressed with the dignity of the school.

This school is a school of doctrine. The boys come from far and near. While attending the school, they require care and attention day and night. Many of the children are so poor that the Mission must stand all expenses. Some parents help support their children while at school by sending in food, the amount being regulated by the quantity presumably consumed by the child during the year.

The Chinese have given me a new name again. This time they have decided to call me "The Swift American." Journeys that take other people two days I manage to make in one. I finally bought a mule. According to Chinese custom a man goes ahead and leads the mule. There was nothing to be gained by that, so I told the Chinese that I wanted to go it alone. They told me they never saw a man do that before. I tackled the mule. He objected. I argued, but why argue with a mule? I tried persuasion and he tried to throw me. He was a loyal Chinese mule and resented American methods. But it was a case of a fight between two mules and the better mule won. The mule now does as it is told, so I travel alone on the mule.

The Chinese admire our habit and there is no danger that it will scare off converts. In fact, it is proving an attraction. I attended a banquet given by the new Mar

were our own and, that if we were ever in need of help, not to hesitate to appeal to him. It was here that I got into conversation with a young American lad who had come out to offer his services to the Fathers for a year or so. Speaking of the climate, someone asked him whether it was very warm in China, especially in the summertime. Real Irish wit sparkled in his reply: "Warm!" he said. "It's so hot here in China during the summer months, that when a dog chases a rabbit, they both walk!"

After enjoying a stay at Hankow we started for Changteh. The next four days our home was aboard a barge. When we started out Fr. Celestine, mindful of the difficulties which had beset his own travels this time a year ago, expressed the fear that the passage would be a slow one owing to low water. It was surprising to see how the river had fallen. Between October and November this river had fallen some 26 feet and it would continue to fall until January. But in spite of such conditions our trip was far less arduous than that made by the first band of Passionists. We made Changteh in four days.

One more lap and our journey to Passionist China will come to an end. At home in China! We long for that happy day so near at hand. Our pulse beats faster at the prospect of the work awaiting us. We have made sacrifices to take up our station at the Foot of the Cross in China and how should it not be a source of joy to see our ambitious slowly reach their goal!

China! The land of mysteries we long to bring you the light of the saving mysteries of Christianity! America! We look to you to render possible the progress of our work! We may labor here, we may die here, but God alone can bring success. Pray, then, Americans all, that Almighty God gives us the grace to touch the hearts of the poor, benighted Chinese!



IN THE CENTER (SEATED) IS THE MANDARIN, FATHER GERARD (WITH BEARD) AT LEFT. OTHERS ARE PUBLIC OFFICIALS



## THE † SIGN

darin and I went in full habit. The Chinese are great critics and so I was interested in finding out what impression they had gathered. When I came home, my Mass server told me the comments passed by the servants. They seemed to have been impressed rather humorously by the foreign dress of the non-Catholic minister. But they thought my dress was nicer and that I was quite different because my uniform was just like theirs. So it is. Our habit is almost a Chinese dress and of the type worn by the higher classes.

I have been invited to dine with the minister and his wife and I am going to accept the invitation. I believe that the Church has been a little backward in China. She has been hiding her head long enough in this land. I mean to stretch forth in public. I have the advantage, not enjoyed by all missionaries over here, of being an American. The Chinese know it and they respect Americans and always speak well of them. So, as I said, with the advantages of dress and nationality, am going to use every occasion possible to make our holy Faith better known to the public.

I have had two occasions to appear in public and on both of these I have succeeded in winning greater respect for the Church.

I had a fight, and it was not my fault. It was all the postmaster's fault. He imagined that he ran the town. Being a public official, the people feared him. Some time ago I sent him a package to be forwarded to America. He refused to send it, and this, he said, for two reasons. In the first place, he did not know what to charge me, and in the second place, he felt uncertain as to whether the wrapping was good enough. I let the matter pass and sent the package via Shenchowfu. If I sent a man for stamps the postmaster would never give him the kind specified, but only such as he felt like giving. The climax came when he refused to send one of my letters. His reasons—"the stamps do not look

nice." Then I acted. The letter went, and he almost went too. I registered a complaint with the public officials which resulted in

### OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Grateful acknowledgment is hereby made for donations received to February 10th, for the Chinese Missions, and for the relief of the famine sufferers.

Circle No. 3, 5.20; Circle No. 5, 11.55; Circle No. 4, 20.00; Circle No. 2, 25.00; Circle No. 9, 25.00. Anonymous, 1.19, 2.42, 2.71, 1.00. 5.00. Mass.: Dorchester—L. V. F., 2.00; Haverhill—Mrs. M. M., 5.00. Lowell—M. R. C., 100.00. Methuen—Mrs. M. M. D., 2.00. Newton—Mrs. H., 9.75; Mrs. G. M., 7.00; Mrs. W.O.B., 5.13; M. O.B., 4.01; M. F., 2.00. Watertown—M. V., 10.00. ILL.: Chicago—L. C. School, 38.00. Mich.: Detroit—E. S., 1.00. Ky.: Nazareth—Rev. R. D., 2.00. New Hope—Sr. M. G., 5.00; N. J.: Bloomfield—P. V., 1.78. Dover—E. R., 5.00. Hillside—J. A. C., 250.00. Hoboken—Mrs. M. O. T., 5.00; R. L., 5.00. Laurel Hill—E. M. L., 5.00. Long Branch—J. R. M., 2.00. Newark—E. D., 3.00. School Children, 1.00. Orange—Mrs. T. S., 5.00; Paterson—Anon., 5.50. Weehawken—M. N., 3.06. West Hoboken—Blue Chapel, 1.00; Miss E. M. P., 4.20; Miss C. M., 2.00; Miss L. F., 5.00; W. H., 5.00; Anon., 1.15; Miss E. D., 3.43. Fairview—Parish Coun. N. C. C. W., 5.00. Jersey City—Mrs. D. C., 5.00; J. G., 3.00; A. M., 2.00; Mrs. G., 5.00; Mrs. J. F., 5.00; N. O.C., 5.00. West New York—H. A. K., 5.00; M. A., 1.00; B. J. F., 5.00. N. Y.: Buffalo—Srs. Good Shepherd, 2.86; Anon., 5.00. Dunkirk—M. M., 3.00; H. W., 1.00; A. J., 1.00; M. K., 1.00; A. M., 1.00; K. I. K., 1.00; Mrs. C., 1.00; A. McG., 1.00; L. M. K., 1.00. Hollis—A. K. S., 5.00; A. K. S., 5.00. Brooklyn—H. M. B., 5.20; Sr. M. B., 5.00. New Brighton—Mrs. M. C., 1.00. Mt. Vernon—Mrs. C. G., 2.00. New York—Dime Bank No. 223 A, 5.10; Dime Bank No. 171 E, 4.60; Mrs. E. M. W., 5.00; Anon., 5.00; Mrs. N., 3.20; A. A. S. & E. A. S., 10.00. Ohio: Cincinnati—N. J., 3.00; Miss J. F., 7.29. Pa.: Brownsville—Sr. M. M., 5.00. Philadelphia—J. McC., 2.00; Mrs. C., 1.00; K. C. McC., 5.00. Pittsburgh—Sr. M. C., 5.00; Sr. M. R., 1.00; Sr. M. R., 5.00; per Rev G. T., 11.00; S. F. Hosp., 60.00; M. C., 5.02; B. K., 10.00; H. C., 7.99; H. C., 5.40; H. C., 5.00; Anon., 5.00. Scranton—Anon., 5.00. Wyalusing—F. F., 5.00. W. Va.: Clarksburg—F. M. G., 4.60. Va.: Newport News—M. C., 5.00. D. C.: Washington—Mrs. M. F., 5.00.

We sincerely thank the Knights of Columbus of Hoboken, Palisade, Barret and Carrol Councils, and also the members of the Columbian Choral Society, for the splendid sum of \$550.00—the proceeds of a Musicales given for the benefit of the Passionist Missions. The performance was a credit to the ability of the Society and the generous interest of the Knights.

them giving me the option whether or not he was to be discharged. I said he could stay but that he would have to pass a public ex-

amination in the postal laws and regulations. He has since been around to my house to apologize.

So much for my first appearance in public. And now for the second, wherein I am again made the judge and pass sentence.

Our little chapel borders on the road. Every night as the Christians assemble and recite the Rosary, the prayers are plainly heard on the street. Of course, they repeated and repeated the Hail Mary. The little pagan lads were amused. They made a parody on the Hail Mary, which ran something like: "how comes it that we have already taken our supper and you have not taken your breakfast?" In Chinese there is a nice swing to the words. It so happened that the catechist, who is also a doctor, was returning from a sick-call when he ran into the group of boys outside the church mingling this parody with the prayers of the Christians inside. He was incensed. He grabbed one of them and from him obtained the names of all the others. The fathers and mothers of all concerned, according to Chinese custom, had to apologize and make reparation. The reparation is to shoot off a number of fire-crackers outside the house of the offended party; in this case it was the church. The shooting was done and the parents apologized.

The Mandarin, however, who had retained the captured lad, refused to be satisfied, for, as he said, "It is contrary to my mandate, which is painted on the door of the Mission, to offer any insult to the Catholic Church and I am given a special charge to see that the Catholic priest is respected. There are two distinct offences. First, they have insulted the Catholic Church; secondly, they have disobeyed my orders; both of these offences, according to my right as a Mandarin, I must punish with execution. The trial will take place to-morrow night and all the parents and children will be considered offenders." The prospect was distressing and I felt rather uncomfortable about the outcome.

## THE † SIGN

Of course, the whole town knew about the matter and the trial took place in the public square. The place was flooded with light from Chinese lanterns. I was invited to be present. I took a seat on the rostrum beside the High Mandarin. The trial opened and proceeded with the greatest order. The gravity of the case lay like a pall over the audience. The silence became almost oppressive and ominous. I looked with pity upon the poor lads now on trial for their lives.

The Mandarin asked the boys if they were the offenders. All answered in the affirmative. He then asked: "Are there any others guilty of the same offence, who have not been brought forward?" The answer was that all were present.

Executions are not so rare in China as they are in America. In China there are many crimes punishable by death. I looked towards the prisoners and from my heart I pitied them. Not only the lads but their parents, young and old, were considered as offenders, and, if convicted, would pay the penalty of execution.

In solemn dignity the Mandarin arose and launched forth into a speech. He spoke with horror of the terrible insult given to his "supreme" guests; the unpardonable insult to himself—to him who had received so much power and authority from the gods of the sun and the moon. Then he passed on to the spirits of the dead. "Oh, to think of the offence offered to the spirits of my father and father's father! How must my father feel at this insult! And how hurt must feel the spirits of your own ancestors!" Then turning to me, he implored me not to weep at this outrage. He besought me not to tell the great men of my nation of this terrible deed. "To-morrow," he said, "Oh, Spiritual Father, if you so wish, I will have parents and children and relatives to the second degree executed in this very square."

A look of horror came into the eyes of all present. The silence

became more intense and all looked at me as the Mandarin bowed low and requested me to pronounce the sentence.

It was a critical moment. Summoning all the majesty in my command, I arose, fully determined to prevent such a penalty as that

mentioned. I spoke on the love of Americans for the Chinese; of how America had protected them when enemies would have destroyed them. I assured them that even now America has boats a hundred times as large as those in their river, all made of steel, and that these boats had guns that could fire a bullet from here to Hankow—and that these mighty boats were even now protecting them from the Japanese. "And now," I said, "why do you think I am here in this town? To get money from you? You know I ask none. To kill you? No, for you know that I am a just man. Why, then, have I come to you? To teach you how to become great and good and rich. If you do not like me and do not want me and wish me to return to my country, I'll leave to-morrow!" At this the Mandarin arose and cried: "Oh, please don't go!" But I continued: "And now to show you that I really like you, I grant absolute pardon to all concerned."

The earth fairly shook with the cheers and shouting for me and Americans! In the midst of the cheering the Mandarin arose and made a motion for silence. It was like Niagara pouring over a burning match. He objected. The crimes had been committed. The guilty parties must be punished. If I would not have them executed, he must have them flogged, at least. I listened for a moment, and then in an authoritative tone answered: "Oh, Mandarin, I have pronounced sentence; the sentence has been passed." There was nothing more to be done. But he still remonstrated that I had been too lenient, that I was too kind. He then thanked me from his heart for having spared his people this humiliation. And so the trial ended.

The trial and its happy ending have won for me many friends. Divine Providence has no doubt allowed this incident that it might serve in strengthening the bond of affection that is daily growing between these poor pagans and myself. Under such a happy con-

A pious remembrance is requested in the prayers and good works of the readers of THE SIGN in behalf of the following recently deceased:

Rev. Jacob Staub  
James Prime  
Anna T. Maher  
Arthur H. Leary  
Patrick Heenan  
Maurice Carroll  
Michael R. Walsh  
Mrs. Bridget Breto  
Mrs. Bridget Duggan  
Mrs. Anna Sullivan  
Mrs. Mary A. Reilly  
Elizabeth M. Lynn  
Patrick Whalen  
George Fogarty  
Miss Claire Cashen  
Miss Mary McNamara  
Mrs. Ellen Beecher  
Sister St. Bede Fletcher  
Michael J. Maher  
Thomas Donlin  
Mrs. Honor Clarkin  
Edward J. Nugent  
Mrs. Alice L. Dwyer  
Mrs. Margaret Stark  
Edward Gannon  
Mrs. Margaret Toomey  
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John J. McDevitt  
Mrs. May Smyth  
Michael McDonnell  
John Henebery  
Joseph A. Cardiff  
Josephine Cashin  
Isaac Verian  
Mrs. Johanna Keating  
John P. Scully

*May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed rest in peace. Amen.*

## THE † SIGN

dition the power for good is most encouraging. What a harvest of souls is here to be gathered for Christ Crucified! The field is, indeed, great, but the laborers are few and the lack of sufficient funds disheartening.

Dear Readers of THE SIGN, will you help make China a true Garden of the Lord? Will you help us plant here in this country the precious seeds of true Christianity? Not until the Day of Judgment will you know how much your mites have accomplished for the glory of Christ's Church in China. But then, what a pleasant surprise will be yours!

Each day as I offer up the Unspotted Lamb, I pray God to bless all my benefactors, and I ask the prayers of all for the success of my Mission in Yungshunfu.

### Kut Wo and Kum Wo

FR. DOMINIC LANGENBACHER, C.P.

**A**FTER many days from the time we left Shanghai I am again resuming the story of our travels. We had counted on leaving Shanghai on Friday, by the steamer "Kum Wo," the latest and most comfortable of the Yangtse River Line. But Mr. O'Neil, of whom I have made mention, was so insistent that we go to his home and there meet again some of the other English-speaking Catholics of the city who had been so good to us, that we willingly remained over for another day.

This delay occasioned a change in the steamer, for the "Kum Wo" had departed. So we booked for the "Kut Wo." The "Kum Wo" was making her 25th trip, while the "Kut Wo," which we finally boarded, is a veteran of 700 or 800 trips. The more modern ship is in many ways a comfortable one. Not so the "Kut Wo." However, we willingly forfeited the pleasure of sailing on the better boat. The Catholic Club of Shanghai deserved this little sacrifice of ours. The evening we visited their rooms

in the city, the three of us, at their invitation, made speeches. We spoke on their keeping together at the work in Shanghai and said something of our own work. They most cordially responded to all this by offering us their help in every way, for whatever we might need on the missions. This sounded so much like the words and deeds of encouragement which we had heard on all sides in the dear old U. S. A. that I really find it impossible to say how much we appreciated it.

When we had dined Mr. Ignatius Lo's car was at the door to whisk our party down to the docks. There lay the old "Kut Wo," which did look rather woefully cut with age. But it did not appear to be quite as old as Noah's Ark since the steam was a feature by which to distinguish the two.

We arrived at the boat somewhere around 11:00 p. m., and were to set out, according to schedule, at 12:00. But the "Kut Wo," true to Chinese ideas of time, did not pull out until the next morning. On the wharf that night we met again the good, always smiling Fr. Cairns. He had come up that day from his mission with Fr. Meehan. Fr. Meehan had had a sick spell and was now being brought to Shanghai to build up under the care of the good sisters at the General Hospital. Mr. Brown, a New York boy, had also come down to see us off. Indeed, the spirit of fraternity between the orders over here and between the missionaries working in this vineyard of the Lord is truly remarkable and whole-hearted in every way.

The "Kut Wo" has three decks. The Captain and the foreign passengers occupied the topmost, while our less favored Chinese huddled in hundreds on the two lower decks. We had two cabins, and while neither was very large, yet we found a space to say Holy Mass. It is not customary for Missionaries making this trip to say Mass, but, as we had everything necessary for it, we thought it a shame to omit it, remembering

that many a poor priest traveled this same river hiding somewhere down in a hole to keep from the ferocious Chinamen calling for his death. And so we said Mass, mindful of these saintly men who had not hesitated to lay down their lives for the love of Christ Crucified.

The food on board was very poor. Some of our fellow passengers claimed the cause of this was that the one in charge was "squeezing," as they say over here, and pocketing the gains thus made. The Chinese seem to be noted for this "squeezing." They are the greatest people for making bargains. Even the kiddies in selling you something will start out by asking about three times what they expect. No matter how much one gives a coolie for doing a job, he is sure to put up a fight for more.

There were quite a few non-Catholic missionaries on board. One morning, while at breakfast, a physician inquired as to how many native communicants we had in China. Fr. Celestine answered that we have about two and a half millions. An Episcopalian Bishop present remarked in a very courteous and kindly way that this was about four or five times as much as "we" (meaning all Protestant sects put together) have.

The non-Catholic missionaries seem to be, and according to our experience so far, are, a very kindly lot. They are always eager to learn more about our Faith. They expressed themselves as greatly pleased and remarked that it was the first time they had spoken "man to man" with a Catholic priest. The American priest brings to China the democratic ideas of America. He has been raised side by side with non-Catholics and in many cases can count a host of non-Catholics among his best friends. All this serves to make the American Catholic priest a more approachable man. Some of these missionaries stated that they had been doing missionary work for five, ten or even more years here in China.



## Index to Worthwhile Reading

**Catechism of the "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas Aquinas.** R. P. Pegues, O.P. Benziger Brothers, New York: \$2.00.

For a compendium of theological knowledge this excellent little book has not its equal. To condense so concise a thinker as St. Thomas was no easy task, but Fr. Pegues has done it admirably, proving unquestionably that he has been a conscientious disciple of the Angelic Doctor. This Catechism deserves a place beside the dictionary on every priest's table.

**The Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas.** Two Vols. Q. Q. XXXIV-XCIX and Appendices. Literally translated by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province. Benziger Brothers, New York: \$3.00 each.

The English Dominican Fathers continue their excellent work of translating the immortal "Summa Theologica." The latest volumes contain St. Thomas' treatises on the sacraments of Order and Matrimony, and on the Last Things. Once more we congratulate the translators for having rendered into such perfect English these important treatises of the most solid, as well as the most brilliant, thinker that the world has ever known.

**The Practical Prayer Book.** D. B. Hanson & Sons, Chicago.

This little book contains many beautiful prayers, also explanations of the meaning and historic origin of various ceremonies and devotions, particularly those performed in Holy Mass. We recommend this prayer book heartily to our readers.

**The Fairest Flower of Paradise.** A. M. Lepicier, O.S.M. Benziger Brothers, New York: \$1.50.

In the author's own words this book is a popular work, having for its foundation the series of invocations contained in the Litany of Loreto and setting forth briefly the whole Marian theology, while at the same time the principal dogmas of our Faith and our moral duties as Christians are brought to

mind. A chapter is devoted to each of the invocations, and there is added a pertinent example from the lives of the saints.

No book on Our Blessed Mother may be said to be worthy of her. Her supreme beauty and grandeur are above and beyond all our baby-lispings, but one cannot peruse this latest acquisition to Marian literature without finding its pages redolent with the rare perfume and the incomparable beauty of The Fairest Flower of Paradise.

**The Prayer Book of Eucharistic Devotions.** Rev. Thomas J. O'Brien. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York: \$1.50.

Lovers of the Eucharistic Christ will find this little book a veritable treasury of devotion. It contains besides the liturgical and popular forms of pious exercises with which the faithful are accustomed to honor God's Sacramental Presence, Eucharistic Stations of the Cross, Eucharistic Rosary, the Mass of the Blessed Sacrament in English and in Latin, and a complete service for Holy Hour. Bishop Molloy in the introduction writes: "The Prayer Book of Eucharistic Devotions is of inestimable value to both priest and people."

**No Handicap.** Marion A. Taggart. Benziger Brothers, New York: \$2.00.

When two lovers, both wholehearted, manly chaps, fall in love with the same girl, lots of things begin to happen. And when they begin to play Alphonse and Gaston—also the girl—a great many more things happen, and with these happenings is the opening chapters of "No Handicap" concerned.

The rejected suitor proves to be the hero of the story. Life for him becomes a tissue of misfortunes, but he struggles bravely on, and at length achieves success. The author mercifully supplies for him another girl, a really likeable but not a loveable one, who ministers unto him in true, womanly,

sympathetic fashion. As one nears the end of the book, one expects at any moment to hear the hero's wedding bells ring! Do they? Read "No Handicap" to find out.

The book is by no means a masterpiece of realism, yet it is interesting and indeed quite readable. Also it is a clean, wholesome story save for the story of sin and shame that is introduced toward the end and which might have been omitted without any loss to the interest and with much gain to the moral tone of the book.

**Saint Jeanne D'Arc. The Mystical Study of a Girl of the People.** Minna Caroline Smith. The Macmillan Co.; New York. \$2.25.

There is in all history but one St. Jeanne D'Arc.

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